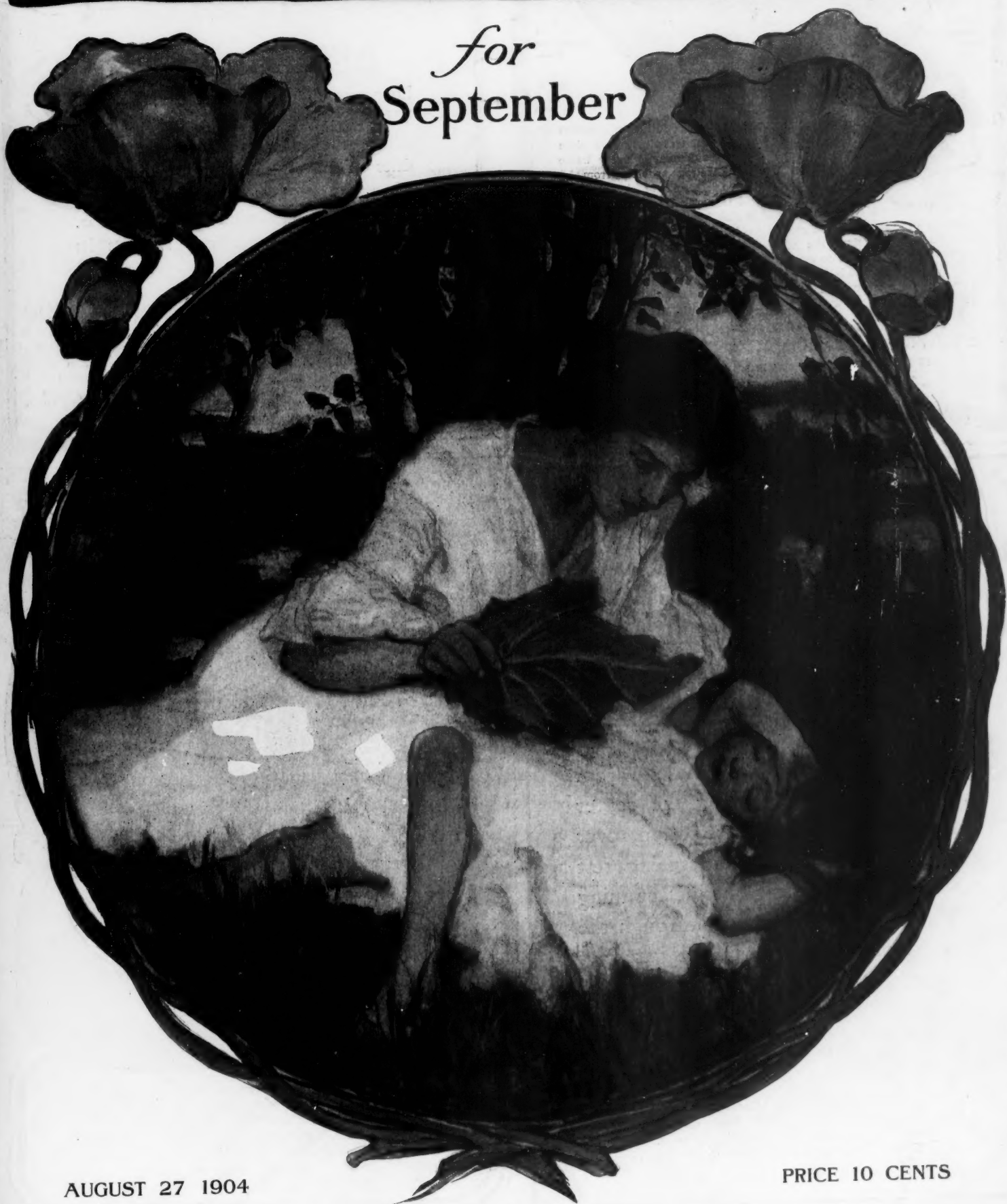


# Collier's

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER

*for*  
September



AUGUST 27 1904

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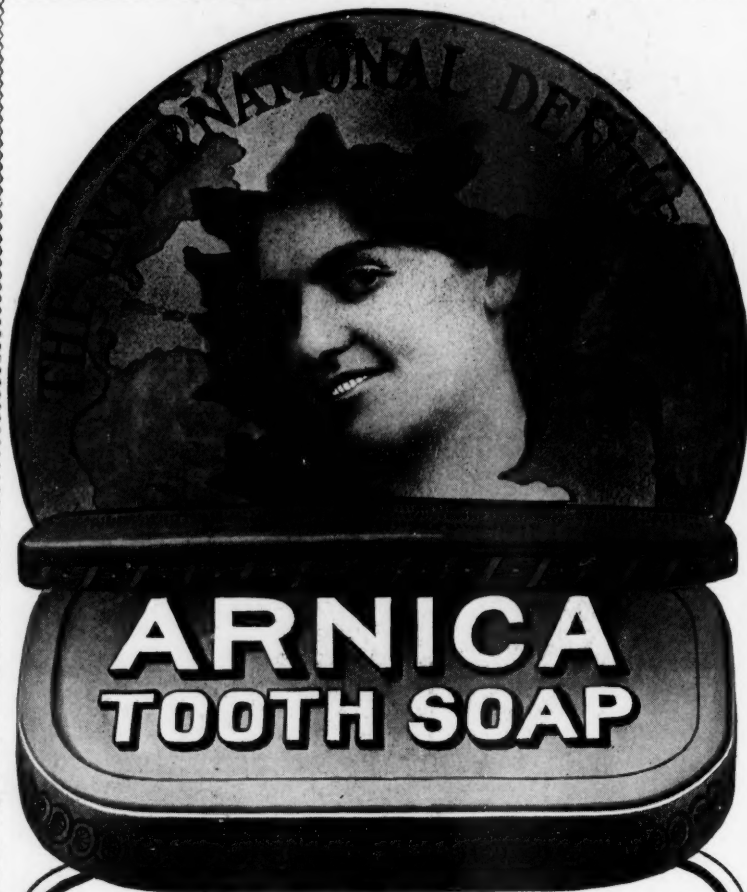
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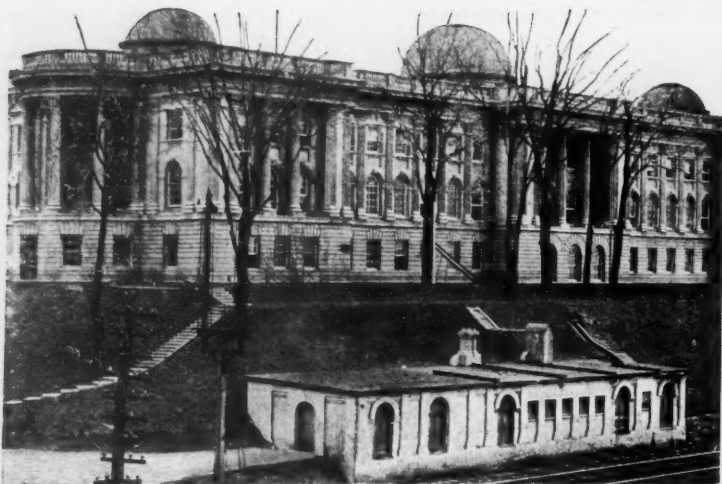
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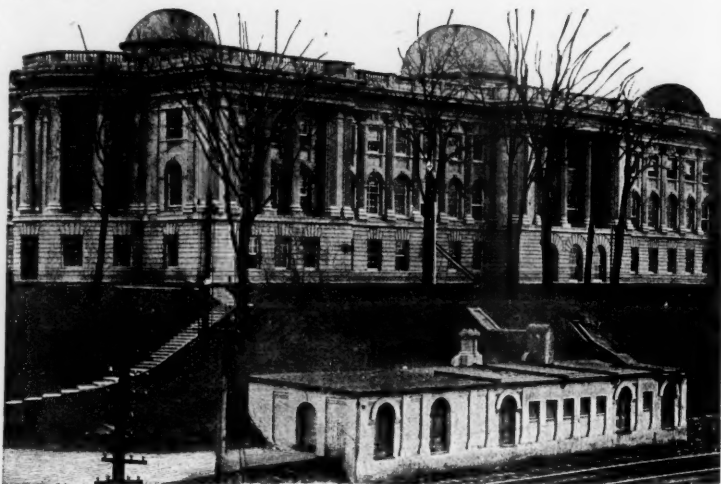
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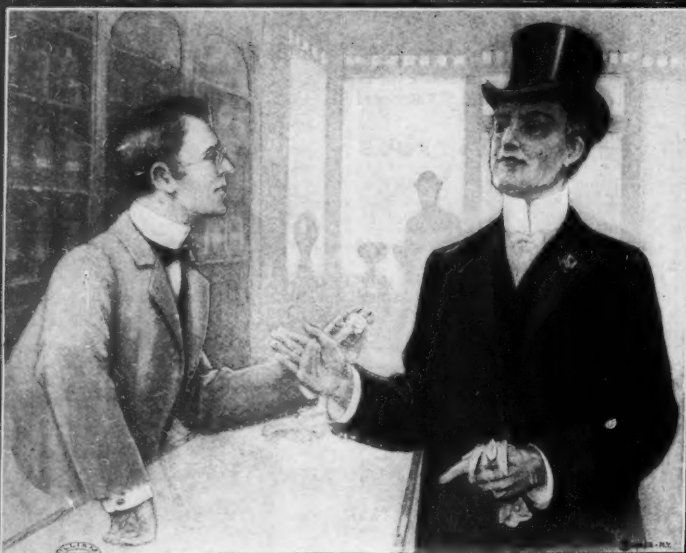
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New York, Saturday, August 27, 1904

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### THE SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES

Conan Doyle's new series of detective stories "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," the first eight of which were published in Collier's Household Numbers beginning last October and continuing until May, will be resumed next month. The four stories to come are "The Adventure of the Three Students" (October Household Number), "The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez" (November Household Number), "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter" (Christmas Number), and "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" (January Household Number).



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"Well, how do I look?"

"As if you used Ivory Soap."



Above the wall the pears hung ripe upon the old pear tree.  
Bub and the Cub and Pettibear gazed at them longingly.

"Come, Pettibear, we'll boost you up to get us all some fruit!"  
(Bub and the Cub smiled knowingly; they thought themselves so cute.)

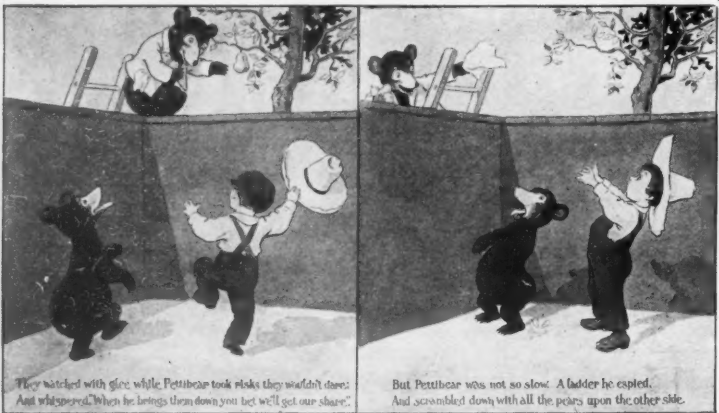
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## PETTIJOHN

—ALL THE WHEAT THAT'S GOOD TO EAT—

It is a table delight that adds a new charm to breakfast, luncheon or supper. You do not tire of Pettijohn. It is always palatable—always good.

A Cereta (money saving) Check in Every Package.



They watched with glee while Pettibear took risks they wouldn't dare.  
And whispered, "When he brings them down, you bet we'll get our share."

But Pettibear was not so slow. A ladder he captained.  
And scrambled down with all the pears upon the other side.

## W. & J. SLOANE



Group of Imported Furniture. Style Louis XV.

## IMPORTED FURNITURE

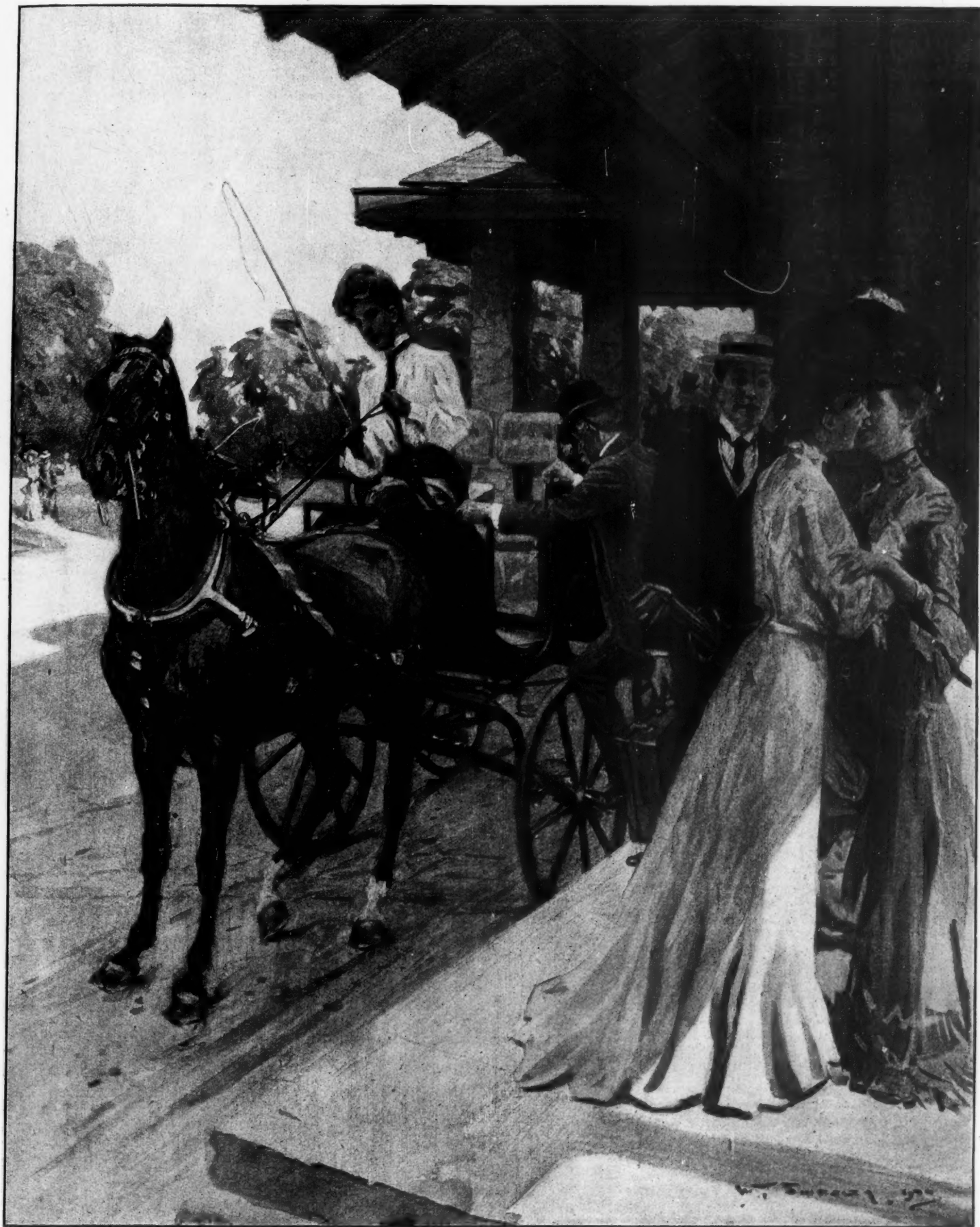
AT THIS season of the year we are able to offer many choice examples of fine furniture for Drawing Rooms and other apartments at *exceptionally low prices* to make place for our Autumn importations which are beginning to arrive. For purity of style and good workmanship we commend particular attention to our large and well assorted stock.

BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET, NEW YORK



# COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR SEPTEMBER



*This is the eighth of a series of drawings in color by Mr. Smedley appearing in the Household Numbers depicting incidents of American home life*

THE AFTERNOON TRAIN

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



**M**EAT BILLS IN OUR FAMILY have become so hair-raising that we think of dropping journalism, for the sake of wife and children, and going into dentistry, the butcher industry, or law. If ANDREW CARNEGIE doesn't care by what method he dies poor, he might select some half a dozen households, tell them to live profusely on sweetbreads and tenderloin, and charge to him. Philosophers tell us to live on rice and water and grow powerful, like the Japanese. We have tried it, and discovered merely that we are not Japanese. We are compelled to add another to the list of schemes for getting poor quick. A certain rich American, who had trained herself to live on one chop a day in order to save enough to purchase masterpieces of art, now finds herself compelled to change the system, to which years have hardened her, and become a belated vegetarian. Even MORGANS and VANDERBILTS have had quarrels over the market books with their old and trusted cooks. Keeping a yacht has become child's play compared to eating steak. For years we have been steadily persuading ourselves that high thinking was encouraged by liberal and varied diet. Now we have gone back, heavy hearted, to the old Wordsworthian formula of plain living. We reprint certain comments of the Interstate Commerce Commission made in 1901: "That the leading traffic officials of many of the principal railway lines, men occupying high positions and charged with the most important duties, should deliberately violate the statute law of the land, and in some cases agree with each other to do so; that it should be thought by them necessary to destroy vouchers and to so manipulate bookkeeping as to obliterate evidence of the transactions; that hundreds of thousands of dollars should be paid in unlawful rebates to a few great packing-houses; that the business of railroad transportation, the most important but one in the country to-day, should to such an extent be conducted in open disregard of law, must be surprising and offensive to all right-minded persons. Equally startling, at least, is the fact that the owners of these packing-houses, men whose names are known throughout the commercial world, should seemingly be eager to augment their gains with the enormous amounts of these rebates, which they receive in plain defiance of a Federal statute." The Beef Trust was once enjoined, but it seems to thrive upon injunctions. It, ably assisted by its employees, is educating the people to such an extent that the next President will look about him eagerly for an Attorney-General who can reach the principal monopolies on the solar plexus. At the bottom of all illegal monopolies is the railroad, with its illegal rebate. Let the spellbinder come forward with clear and burning words and help the public formulate its fury, so that each party will be compelled, before November, to lay down a programme that will promise us quiet and innocent householders emancipation from the most ferocious octopi. The strikers may have been most to blame in this particular controversy, but strikes cause us the most acute distress only when their opponent is a trust. Therefore, the first great practical step is to give the final blow to law-breaking monopolies in food and fuel, and we can turn our attention to other combinations when we have seen the result of drastic treatment of those which cause the greatest suffering. What kind of freedom is it when a group of round-bellied magnates, meeting in some small room, can dictate terms by which the people freeze or starve?

TURNINGS BY  
THE WORM

as standing personally on the same level of immutable principle and of inflexible honor as his Republican opponent. . . . And the Americans have the satisfaction of knowing that, whichever side wins, their President will be a man of the very first order of honest and upright statesmen." Now, the "very first order" of statesmen is a parlous phrase. Statesmen of the very first order come but now and then. Since LINCOLN we have not enjoyed such a one. In all Europe, in recent years, only BISMARCK, LEO, and GLADSTONE can make a strong claim for the position. On the whole, Europe's comment on the candidates is some degrees more unreasonable than our own.

**W**E USE MILITARY TERMS, always, in our politics. We talk of campaigns, the ranks, strategy, and the enemy. We are ceasing, happily, to use seriously such phrases as "the spoils of victory." In seeking nominations we think a certain change is perceptible, and from it should follow ultimately a certain change in methods of election. The established way for a man to be nominated for President has been, for many years, to convince certain politicians, many of them in the United States Senate, that he would suit their purposes. Lately there have been a number who have successfully stepped aside from that road to office. Mr. ROOSEVELT, on the whole, has appealed to the people over the heads of the politicians. Whatever his compromises, they have not satisfied the bosses, and were it not for the people he would be laid upon the shelf forever. Mr. FOLK is the protagonist in a brilliantly dramatic fight of the people against their official oppressors. Governor LA FOLLETTE is a similar figure. Golden Rule JONES was another. When such men win it is by letting themselves be known, whereas politicians of the GORMAN type, to succeed, must work always in the dark; and the ebb of GORMAN is as good a sign as the rise of FOLK. Men like HILL, MURPHY, and TAGGART represent the method that we fondly hope is passing, and Judge PARKER may in all fairness be asked to show before November, by every means at his command, that he is not one of them. The manner of his nomination, and his record in the politics of New York, make it right for us to ask him to give to us, the people, of all parties or none, what light he can on his intended relations to politicians, and, through them, to the corporations of which they are the slaves.

METHODS OF  
NOMINATION

**C**ORPORATIONS ARE ARTIFICIAL CREATIONS for the concentration of power and the avoidance of responsibility. They come nearer, to-day, than any other limited class, to being the rulers of our land. What is said about them in platforms, and letters of acceptance, may be of interest, but is of far less importance than a ruler's associations. In the original scheme of our Government the ruling power was supposed to be delegated by the people to certain officials chosen by them. Then came the boss, who, largely by organizing office-seekers into armies, created a power behind the official class. Later the business men, mainly in the form of corporations, became the power behind the bosses, or, in other words, they became the real bosses. So it is to-day. A small minority of our most august body, the Senate of our country, is free from corporation rule to-day. Many a State is ruled by railroads. New Hampshire, for instance, is ruled by the Boston and Maine, which is as much a part of the commonwealth as the jury system or the post-office. Wisconsin has three ruling railroads. We are not yet convinced that Government or State ownership is necessary, for we hope regulation may some day suffice. The objection, however, that owning the railroads would increase Government patronage is absurd, for the Government and the railroads have one grand clearing house of patronage already. Nothing is so important, in passing upon a candidate for Governor, Senator, or President, as to discover whether he stands with this system or against it.

OUR REAL  
BOSSSES

**S**OMETIMES WE SEEM TOO MODERATE to angry philosophers who stand helplessly fulminating in the street. When we mentioned EDISON, President ELIOT, and MARK TWAIN as among the Americans who had lived long enough to be tested thoroughly and prove their eminence, one load of sarcasm descended upon us thus: "Why make use of such tergiversations? Who cares about the men you mention? For the great and

**M**CKINLEY WAS UNKNOWN, we are informed by the "Times" of London, when he was elected President, even as PARKER is unknown to-day. In cold fact, MCKINLEY was better known than any two other Republicans in the United States. So much for the accuracy of foreign journals which make a specialty of knowing something about the leading countries. We think that Judge PARKER would probably make a safe President, if he ignored his friends in choosing a Cabinet; and Mr. ROOSEVELT has proved himself a valuable man in the office, in spite of some distressing lapses. When, however, we read about these men in foreign journals we are inclined to cry. "Mr. ROOSEVELT," says a leading London organ, "has borne himself as a statesman of the highest rank, a man of inflexible incorruptibility and of stern determination, even in cases where his political prospects seemed to be injured by his course of action." That sentence about his political prospects might better have been blue-penciled by the editor. Judge PARKER, according to the same high authority, "in one of those rare flashes of genius and responsibility, revealed himself

FOREIGN  
JUDGMENTS





glorious American people, the only standard of comparison, the sole criterion of a man's worth, is Money." We had spoken of Mr. CLEVELAND, approvingly, as a Rhinoceros. Our contributor objects: "We, the people, don't want a Rhinoceros, we want a Cormorant. We want the Grand Giasticudus of the Guild of Cormorants, who eat up the substance, suck the very marrow of seventy-nine millions of damned fools. Long live the King of all the American Cormorants, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. Let his wealth be centupled, until he owns the whole earth." Our friend

#### THE IRONIC V I E W

is liberal in his calculation. The fools, in our arithmetic, are less. The people who put money first are fewer. They are too many, however, and any movement for destroying unjust privileges, without at the same time destroying independence and ambition, will have our warm support. As far as expression goes, Judge PARKER came out better on the trust question in his acceptance than the President did in his. Mr. ROOSEVELT will hardly be able to "stand pat" on that issue to the campaign's end, especially since he is now supported by the most absolute Wall Street organ in New York, and the people are wondering if he has given pledges. He needs to be clear on this subject as badly as Mr. PARKER does on the subject of his managers and associates, who form his great handicap that should be explained away. In recent writings by the candidates the Judge is in the lead.

**A** SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO KNOW why we accuse the tariff of stealing from the Filipinos, since the law provides that the revenues collected upon imports to the United States from the islands shall go not into our Treasury, but back to the Philippines. Possibly the greatest harm is being done to the islands by the stupidity of the tariff on goods going into them, which was to have been remedied, after the report of the revision committee, appointed last December, was received in Washington; but that report seems to have been hidden in the War Department on the general principle that all tariff topics are full of dynamite. Regarding our own tariff against the Philippines, the answer is that the injury is not less for being indirect. We take more away from the Filipinos by shutting out their products than we should by pocketing the money we collect. Suppose the tariff were high enough against them to prevent importation altogether, what good would be done by a clause providing for turning over the revenues? Suppose a tariff were made which should almost completely shut California fruits out of all the other States, with a provision that revenues should go back to California. We are in a position of peculiar responsibility toward the Philippines. We took them by force, have held them by force, and defend ourselves on the ground that it is all for their good. As a

#### WRONGING THE FILIPINOS

matter of fact, it is to some extent for the profit of our Pacific States. Not to do what we can, under such circumstances, to induce prosperity in the islands is to commit a meanness and a sin. In every moral element it is inferior to the ordinary kind of theft. It is like stealing from an orphan. Congress was with great difficulty forced into granting to Cuba about half of what ordinary justice and decency required. We, who often boast of being the richest country in the world, inflict ourselves upon poverty-stricken communities, and then fail to do the best we can for them because we are needlessly afraid of losing a certain amount of "graft." If we were a Democratic spellbinder we should not talk anti-imperialism, but we should talk justice, and try to make the people realize how much the mere lust for money interferes with the morality of the dominant party. The President parroted over, in his speech of acceptance, the party commonplaces about protection, but his acts, where the cause of justice was unmistakable, were much better than his present decorous inanities. In his attitude toward both Cuba and the Philippines he stood morally ahead of the politicians and the business men who, as far as determining policies is concerned, are the Republican party. Mr. ROOSEVELT is not to be judged by his words, but by his deeds. He emits many absurdities from his mouth, but carries few of them into action.

**M**AKING SO MUCH OF SAVAGES from the Philippines as we are doing at St. Louis displeases anti-imperialists, because they think these specimen Filipinos will not strike the American voter as fitted for self-government. All degrees of the savagery are represented at the Fair. ANTONIO, who visited the President with enforced Occidental decency of apparel, is chief of the most intelligent among the savage tribes, which

range from these teachable head-hunters to the apparently hopeless creatures whose dominant idea is to sneak among bushes and shoot poisoned arrows into the back of any accessible outsider. Shaking hands with the patriarch of this lowest tribe is like holding the fingers of an ape. The civilized Filipinos, who are represented at St. Louis by the Constabulary and the Scouts, have had their principal trouble over the color line, the white soldiers objecting to Filipino amity with Caucasian girls. The American Government seems to be reasonably just in its importation of the various Filipino elements. The War Department is to educate one hundred young Filipinos, for four years, beginning this fall, in various American institutions. It is hardly the Government's fault that our people are more interested in the savages than in the more advanced Filipinos. The savages are certainly much more amusing. The average American is pleased by the idea of preferring dog to sheep, for diet, and sees nothing unreasonable in the Igorrotes' choice. Nor does he see why the dusky islander should wear more than is needed to meet his views of decency and weather. When twenty honorary Filipino Commissioners to the Fair made their Eastern tour they attracted slight attention, but the young savage lad who learned to make correct use of such idioms as peach and lobster was a hero at the capital and a feature in the papers. The Filipino village at St. Louis may have some political effect, but probably the Exposition will leave just as many voters on each side of the self-government proposition as it found.

#### THE FAIR AND THE FILIPINOS

**T**HE DARKEST FEARS are almost justified by so gross, cruel, and unexcused a case of lynching as the last, where two negroes were burned at the stake, although they were under sentence of death. It almost makes us believe that Professor JAMES may have been right when he foresaw burning at the stake on Boston Common. We know nothing in the contemporary history of the world more discouraging. Cruelty in Russia leaves us at least the refuge of belief that it may end with the ignorance of the people and the false system of government. The Georgia disgrace is without one redeeming ray of light. It reminds us of that terrible story of BOOKER WASHINGTON's, which we have told before, of the fair-haired little girl who said, "Mother, I have seen a negro hanged. Now I want to see one burned." The photographer was present here to give the last touch of grotesque horror to the tragic satire. It was undiluted hatred and love of criminal excitement. To compare it with the Spanish Inquisition would be unjust, for the Inquisition at least sought an object. The trial of the negroes had been prompt and their day of execution was near. The brother of the murdered man begged the tigerish human beings to disperse. The crowd merely refused to miss the fun. The time may come when some hopeful side can be seen again. For the present it makes us look upon the future with discouragement and doubt.

#### MURDER AT ITS WORST

**F**LY. TIME COMES TO ALL OF US, man and steed alike, but the horse has his annoyances more concentrated in the fly-blown month of August. At no other season does he ponder so deeply the riddle of existence. In no other month is his brain so dizzy with justifying evil. The most patient Dobbin that ever stood for hours unhitched in August loses his morality and walks off down the road. The finer the equine's organization the more bitterly he resents the laws by which he suffers. This is the period when horses quote their Omars to each other, and other literature of scandalous rebellion. Now it is that mare and stallion dream of grasping this sorry Scheme of Things entire, shattering it to bits, and remolding it nearer to the Heart's Desire. It is now that philosophers in harness enumerate the ills that flesh is heir to, long for the undiscovered country, and almost prefer the ills they know not of to those they know too well. "Go, poor devil," said Uncle Toby to the fly, "get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me." Such generosity was well enough for Uncle Toby, who was a philosopher hors concours; but for the ordinary mortal who has caught a fly in August, especially if he be a nervous man and bald, with a scalp on which some million flies have lighted, charity is impossible, and his emotions have more likeness to those which, under similar provocation, agitate the noblest steed. Moreover, Uncle Toby caught his fly in winter, when nature's vexations are less apparent.

#### FLY TIME

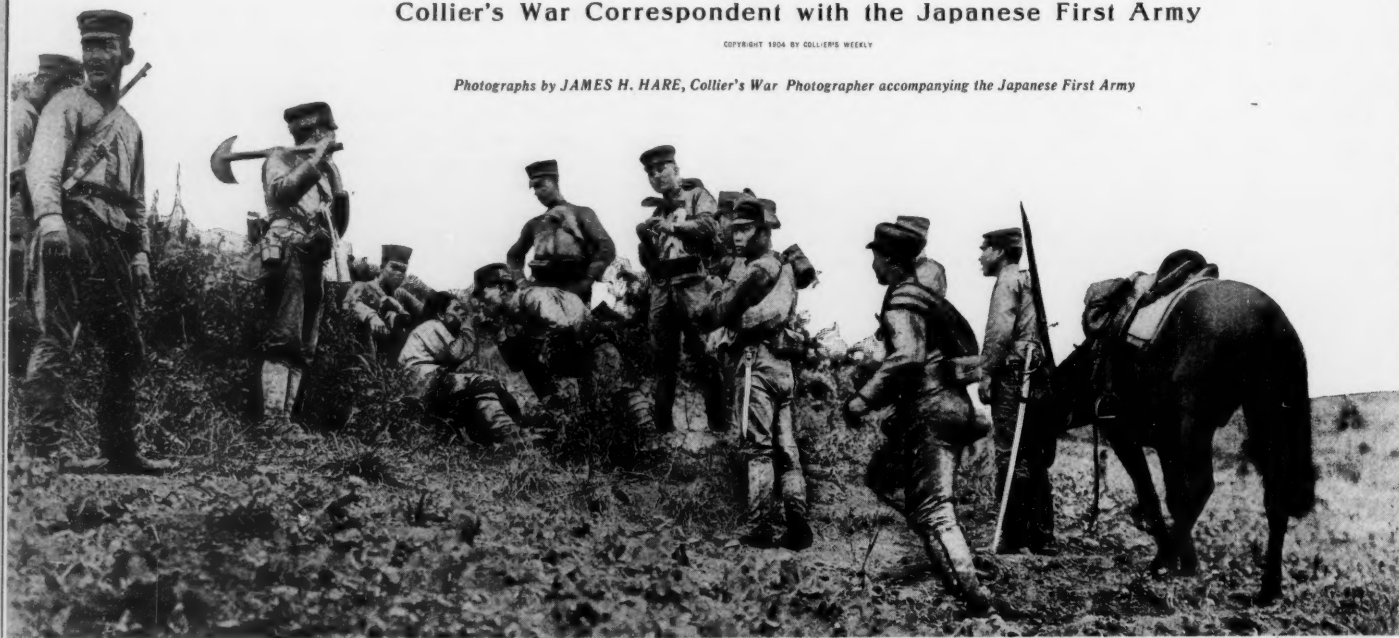
# A Pass and an Affair with Bayonets

By Frederick Palmer

Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese First Army

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Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's War Photographer accompanying the Japanese First Army



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JAPANESE SOLDIERS GIVING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN A DRINK AND CIGARETTES

LIENSHANKWAN, MANCHURIA, July 4

**L**IENTSHANKWAN is the first collection of houses this side of the watershed which separates the valley of the Yalu from the valley of the Liao. Swarms of flies hover over the mire, which steams when the sun shines and turns liquid when it rains. Belated ditching can not at once offset the evil heritage of Cossack horses quartered in yards and courts.

In the four days that our headquarters has been here we have heard a few spurts of rifle fire, while the occasional prisoner and occasional wounded man brought in have indicated simply that the enemy has been keeping in touch with our column. With an army of consequence these are as much commonplaces as outpost duty itself, and little skirmishes become what "warming-up practice" is to an outdoor game. To-day, Collins, Hare, and I, three Americans, who mess and tent together, had planned to celebrate the Fourth to the best of our limited resources. For the flag, possibly the only one floating in Manchuria on the famous day, we had raised an especially high standard. But at the breaking of light the long report of volleys came over the hills. When they had continued for half an hour the call became irresistible. So saddles were thrown on to our horses while we breakfasted. It was a little early to ask the staff for the chaparon, who signifies when and where we may move. Besides, it was our national holiday, and we proposed to ride forward, dependent upon the courtesy of the officers in the field. Finally we found that we had not counted unwisely on our host. It was our good fortune and our novel experience as correspondents with this column to come upon the scene of action when it was fresh. What I saw—so creditable was it to Japanese courage and acumen and Japanese humanity—made me wonder more than ever why correspondents have been denied the privileges of the actual front. There are many games in the strife of individuals and nations, but none was ever more intense than that played near the old and the new temples of Kwantei this morning.

## Topography of the Pass

The pass itself which the Russians attempted to take is seven miles from the town. We had looked forward to Motienling for a great battle. Until they reached it, the Japanese were going uphill, hereafter they will be going downhill—to Liao-Yang. In Tokio we heard, again on the march we heard, that the Russians would here make their most determined defence. Japanese strategy forced evacuation without a shot.

The old road leading to the summit is macadamized in nature's way with the rocks and stones which the freshets have not carried away. You climb upward to an opening some fifty feet deep, and here is the Thermopylae of Manchuria—nothing more or less than a cut in a fan-shaped series of hills, more defensible from the

Yalu side than the Liao side. On the banks two companies of infantry that had marched fast on sudden call were resting. The sound of volleys could still be heard. It had traveled with us—proof enough that the reinforcements were not needed.

All we could see was the verdure-clad mountains on every hand, and the sappers at work on the road that wound around the base of a spur in front of us. This we followed. It led us down into a valley and around the base of another spur and to an open place occupied by a big temple of gray bricks. This was built by the Chinese, because the gods of another temple, it was thought, had prevented the Japanese from taking the road over the pass. Thus deity got its reward, while generals who failed might save themselves from decapitation by suicide.

## The Temple Becomes a Hospital

Now the Red Cross flag was tied to the portals, and on the massive granite steps General Okasaki, commanding the troops that had been engaged, was receiving and despatching messages, while the field telegraph wire (run in from the road), with its streamers of paper warning horseback riders, passed over his head to the operator in the court. At the side entrance a litter was being borne in. Within the sanctuary, the feet of one

bayonets an hour before. They were now in the one family of the helpless. The orders of the general on the steps, standing for the voice of health and strength, were as quiet as the movements of the surgeon, who knew no side and no country in his work. The Chinese priest who looked blankly on had the proof (in his logic) of the inferiority to his own of the Russian deity, which had failed where his had succeeded.

We rode on to the original temple of the highly successful god, where you felt as near the scene of action as you do when hastening to a fire and you come to a side street blocked with fire-engines and hose. On the steps were two Russian prisoners with their guard. They looked like men who had waked in the morning surprised to find themselves alive. After passing through hell they were in the quiet of a mountain temple yard surrounded by tokens of their enemy's success. The line had gone on, leaving safety for the stricken.

Beyond the temple the road cuts through the grove. Out of its shadow, as I turned my horse in this direction, came a dead Japanese brought on four crossed sticks. He was still holding his rifle fast; his limbs were in the position they must have held when instant death came; one hand was at the trigger, the other on the rifle stock; one leg was bent in the act of taking another step toward the foe. A hundred yards further on the road breaks into open ground. This sweeps down in an apron to a long valley which ends in mountain terraces. With a road and a creek bed at the bottom, the valley is cut like a trough between two rows of high green hills. Where the ascent to another pass begins gleam the white sides of a pagoda. At this place, on the previous day, the Russians had had their advance outpost. On the Japanese side, to the right of the road, at the base of the first hill on the north, the Japanese had had their advance outpost of thirty-six men in a Chinese farmhouse.

## Disposition of the Outposts

Thus far the sensitive finger-point of the First Army—an army which had come all the way from Seoul without a defeat—had felt its way for the protection and the information of the main body behind it. Both sides had their pickets, of course, and the zone between them was combed by the indefatigable Japanese scouts. Behind the big hill to the north of the outpost was a Japanese company in support; at the old temple in the grove was the company of which the outpost was a section. At the new temple were two companies in reserve covering effectively other roads besides that through the valley.

On the night of the 3d a battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Siberian Sharpshooters and a battalion of the Tenth Regiment of Siberian Sharpshooters (making 2,000 in all) were formed under shelter of



Lieutenant Kono, who cut down four Russians with his sword in hand-to-hand contest, and the men of his company, who routed a battalion of the enemy at the point of the bayonet

of the giant blue-and-white-robed gods with hideous face furnished a head-rest for a dying soldier.

In the living apartments of the priest and in the court, the wounded had great Russian overcoats thrown over them, and you knew by the size of the man, or by the heavy Russian boots which protruded underneath, whether the stricken one was of the enemy or not. All belligerency was out of the minds of those who had lunged and thrust and fenced in darkness with





#### SORTING THE BOOTY AFTER THE FIGHT

Whatever the fleeing Russians left behind them, and what was taken from the prisoners, was piled up near the outer wall of the Kwantei Temple and sorted. The picture shows a quantity of captured rifles—with their old-fashioned bayonets that are distinctive from those of all other armies in that they are not detachable—blankets, cartridge cases, wooden canteens, etc.



#### BURYING A DEAD RUSSIAN WHERE HE FELL IN A CORNFIELD

Over each grave is placed a stick or a stone with an inscription stating that a certain soldier of a certain regiment lies below, and giving such additional information as may be available. All the trinkets and valuables belonging to the dead man are buried with him—but as the Russian's pay amounts only to about \$1.50 a year, little of value is ever found upon the killed.

### AFTER THE BATTLE NEAR THE KWANTEI TEMPLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARR, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KURE'S ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



TWO battalions of Russians of one thousand men each came down the road at 3 a.m., July 4, expecting, apparently, to find no force in front of them, and to take Motienling Pass. At the point a they bayoneted a Japanese picket. Then one of the battalions, belonging to the Twenty-fourth East Siberian Sharpshooters, took up position 2 in a ravine behind the hill b. The other battalion belonging to the Tenth East Siberian Sharpshooters found at c, in a Chinese farmhouse, thirty-six men of the first company, first battalion, Thirtieth Regiment, of Japanese infantry. Though surprised by an overwhelming force, they fought and extricated themselves and the twenty survivors of the hand-to-hand melee fell back, 6, and deployed at 7. The Russian battalion of the Tenth went on by 3 to the Japanese trenches, e, where they deployed in the darkness, after a fashion, and advanced to the position 5. Now the first company, to which the outpost belonged, was encamped at the old temple Kwantei at d. On hearing the shots from the outpost c, they assembled and advanced by 8 to the grove 9, and at its edge they found the twenty men grappling again with the enemy. The lieutenant, appreciating the fact that the rest of the company could not fire while he maintained his position, took his valiant score by the route 9 to the position 10, where he actually had the Russian line, 5, in flank. The third company

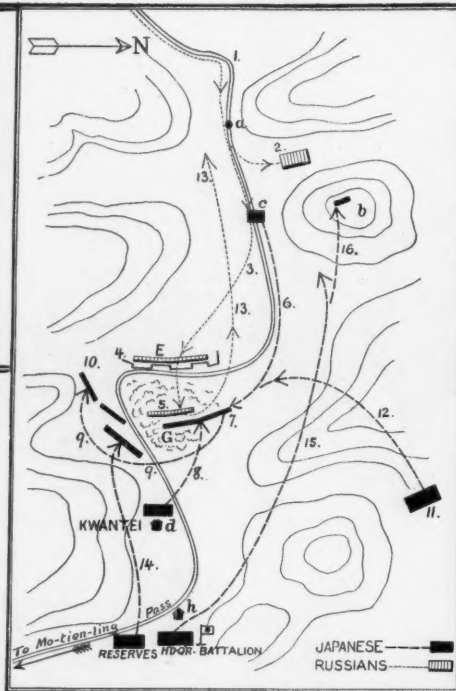


Diagram of the operations near the Kwantei Temples

Russians deployed in a kind of swarming irregularity over rough ground, the twenty waited for them on the one hand, and for support to come up on the other.

Enough shots had been fired to warn the company behind the hill near the outpost and the company in the grove by the old temple. They assembled and charged toward the sound of the firing. Beyond the grove facing the valley, and on the opposite side of the road, the Japanese had made some trenches. The Russians were already across these when the first company emerged from the grove. The Japanese fired and then clinched. It was still so dark that the form of a man



Ivan, the jovial Russian prisoner

could be made out only a few feet away. The Russians came up straggling, but with the power of ten to one. The Japanese were in perfect company order. For half an hour they held their ground with cold steel alone, the officers using their swords—that of Lieutenant Kono was nicked like a saw afterward. The momentum of numbers alone should have borne them back. But there was no light, and the Russian soldier is stupid. When the head of the column stopped, the rear stopped also. This they did as instinctively as the Japanese outpost took the offensive—and there you have the beginning of the explanation of the modern wonder of the East.

All the four Japanese companies engaged belonged to the first battalion of the regiment—the first being at the old temple, the third behind the big hill, and the second and fourth at the new temple in reserve. The third, being further away than the first, came up a little later and formed on the slope of the big hill to the right of the first. The twenty of the outpost were still standing their ground. The lieutenant saw he was in the way of his own company's fire. Such was his control over his men after their ordeal that he led them to the rear and formed them in a flanking position on the left of his own company, which soon after daylight had gained the trench on the other side of the road.

And now the second company came up to the assistance of the other two. With some of the thousand Russians still hanging on the slope, the mass were still at its foot. They had taken no opportunity of ground except to find cover. The battalion of the Twenty-fourth—with its soup kettles, remember—was still doing nothing in the ravine behind the big hill. When the battalion of the Tenth fell back under the flanking and plunging fire, they could have re-formed with the Twenty-fourth and had

was encamped at the position 11, guarding another road. It proceeded by the route 12, forming on to the line 7. From four until six o'clock the fight raged with bullet, bayonet, and sword. In the use of cold steel the Japanese proved himself altogether much cleverer than his antagonist. Then the Japanese, though outnumbered by four to one, drove the Russians out of the trench 4 and in full retreat, 13. The Japanese reserves were at the new temple h, and they proceeded, 14 and 15, with the support that decided the day. The company that went by 15 had a plunging and a flank fire, of course, when the retreat reached the ravine at 2, with the battalion of the Twenty-fourth to assist. One of the Japanese companies did not join in pursuit. The major had learned of the presence of the reserve battalion behind the hill, b, and the possibility of its striking his own force in flank and rear. So he sent the retained company by 16, where, firing from the heights, they soon made that battalion (which had waited in c in order) retreat. Meanwhile the pass, which the Russians had attempted, was two and a half miles away. At no time did the Japanese have more than a third of the number of the enemy. The fight was illustrative of the inefficiency of the Siberian reserves, and of the courage and mobility of the Japanese infantry and the coolness, initiative, and cleverness of the under officers of the Japanese army

the hills of the far end of the valley. These men were principally Siberian reservists. Of this type of former soldiers and migrants I once heard a Russian general say:

"There, sir, we have a force to defend Siberia—in these hardy settlers, living an outdoor life, knowing how to fight in a wild country. They have been in the army. They can ride and shoot. Our giants would make short work of the little fellows from Japan. But Japan will not be so foolish—never!"

While he was indulging in such toploftiness over vodka and cigarettes, the little fellows who fought this morning were smiling, smiling, smiling, and drilling, drilling, drilling, and their officers studying, studying, studying.

One of the captured non-commissioned Russian officers said that they thought the pass was lightly held, and they hoped to surprise its occupants. The surprise was of the nature that the elephant gives the man who puts an express bullet into its brain. It was conceived on information as inadequate as the elephant had.

At shortly after three the front of the Russian column bayoneted the Japanese picket who had at first in the darkness mistaken its advance for one of the Japanese patrols which were continually coming and going. This was at the ravine behind the big hill, which is transverse with the road. Here the battalion of the Twenty-fourth went in reserve behind the big hill. With them were their lumbering boilers on wheels, so that the men could have hot soup when they reoccupied Motienling. The battalion of the Tenth, without scouts or flankers, proceeded in column along the narrow valley road. Skobelev used to do this sort of thing against the Turks, who had no outposts and only mass dispositions. It is sometimes successful against an inefficient enemy or a wild tribe that is being forced out of the path of a mushy empire's advance.

#### The Bayonet Fight in the Dark

The lieutenant in charge of the thirty-six men in the farmhouse had heard the belated challenge of his picket, and stuck his head out of the window to see the Russian column. His men sprang out with their rifles and ammunition and the clothes they were sleeping in. They fastened themselves on the head of the column with the clear-eyed fury of a mongoose. They had no idea of the numbers of the enemy. They saw forms and knew they were Russians. It did not occur to them to run, let alone surrender.

It was not worth while to shoot. Their natural instinct is to "close in" like torpedo-boats. They used their bayonets. They held on, like a small tackler holding on to the giant who is struggling on with the ball. Their gallantry turned their own surprise into a surprise for the Russians. They forced the Russians to deploy; they unnerved that long column marching peacefully—especially the men in the darkness to the rear. Indeed, they paved the way for the eventual Russian demoralization. In extricating his men from the mêlée, the lieutenant had to act as one of Caesar's might in reforming a section of a legion which was broken and fighting desperately; the hand-to-hand conditions were the same, and all that was of use on the modern long-range rifle was the piece of cold steel at its barrel's end.

But he succeeded in leading those who were not killed or wounded to the crest of the apron-like slope from the red temple grove's edge. There they actually formed a line. Many of the twenty survivors were cut and slashed, but all were game. While the thousand



The man who was wounded in the neck

two thousand men against five hundred. Instead, this surprise party, which was going to eat its lunch in Motienling, piled on down the valley, and at six o'clock the Japanese were pursuing. By this time the Japanese Major Takakusagi knew all about the Russians, their numbers and position, even if the Russians did not know about him. The Russian battalion of the Twenty-fourth, which was in reserve, could come around the hill and on to the flank of the little Japanese force. One company was kept behind to guard against this possibility.

This it did by getting above the battalion and dropping bullets into the party of the soup wagons. So the Twenty-fourth—and its soup wagons—retreated too, and the lot were chased by one-fourth of their numbers right away to the white pagoda.

When you went over the field and saw the disposition which the Japanese had made of their advance force, it was perfect. That is much, and yet there is something that counts more—perfection in mobility. Far away is that cry that the Japanese were merely copyists. This is a terrain far different to that of their own land. They have evolved a system of their own for it. Considering that the Russians are Russians, they were wise not to go on. If they had, the prisoners and booty they would have lost would have been accordingly large. To the limit the Japanese knows his enemy; to the limit he knows his ground; he knows that he can depend upon any force of Japanese, however small, not to lose its nerve; and, finally, his troops have the verve and the mobility to make his dispositions effective. We smile now when we think of our fears about the Japanese cavalry; better than cavalry is it to have the Russians blunder along the valleys and catch them from the hills. But the Japanese himself is never caught in the valley. When the division advanced up from Feng-Wang-Cheng the main body always stopped behind one of the transverse sections of hills, while the advance guard cleared the way. What counts more is the superiority in training of the Japanese officers.

#### The Aftermath of Battle

All the above is from descriptions on the spot from the Japanese officers and from prisoners. When I arrived, shortly after nine, firing could still be heard from the end of the valley near the white pagoda, and as you came out of the grove of the old temple into the open, the near scene—tragically witnessing defeat, gloriously witnessing a marvelous little victory—did not permit you even to look the length of the green-walled valley. Here was the aftermath of action still reeking. The two companies that had first met the attack had broken ranks. Their rifles were stacked by the roadside. The field was theirs; their duty, to carry in the wounded and bury the dead. Parties armed with spades were already departing for their grim work. On the road itself still lay several of the Russian dead and wounded, these being distinguishable instantly by their size, their dark uniforms, and their big caps. The dead lay as they had expired.

Apart were three more wounded, with an unhurt Russian Red Cross man among them. He was seated in the dust, his arms resting on his knees. He followed the foreigners blankly by rolling his eyes, not by turning his head. The light had broken to find him among these strange, slant-eyed little men, who have already excited Russian superstition to the point of believing that the Japanese are veritable demons for cunning and shooting. It is hard to keep up confidence in your god when you are always being beaten. When



Bringing in the trophies of the fight





WRECK OF THE WORLD'S FAIR SPECIAL NEAR EDEN, COL., IN WHICH OVER ONE HUNDRED LIVES WERE LOST BY THE COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE

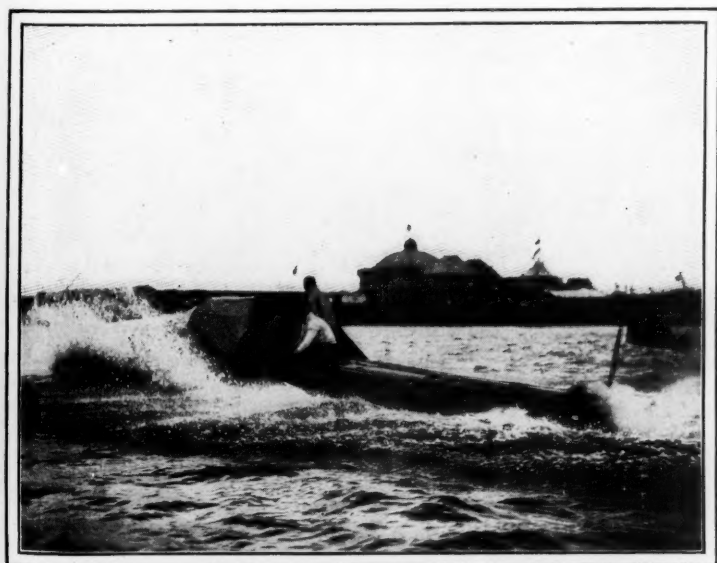


END OF THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILE RUN OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION—COMING INTO ST. LOUIS OVER THE EADS BRIDGE

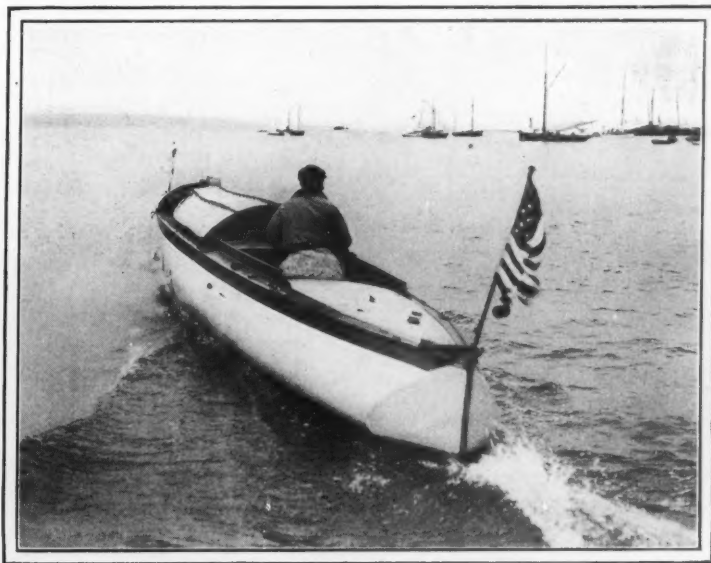


HON. CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI MAKING THE SPEECH OF NOTIFICATION TO JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, AT ESOPUS, AUGUST 11

The new harmony under which the dissenting factions of the Democratic Party have come to a reconciliation has at no time been shown in so dramatic and picturesque a way as when the noted Congressman from Missouri, who at the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis openly opposed Judge Parker's nomination, made on August 11th, at Esopus, New York, the notification speech to the party's Presidential nominee. Mr. Clark's address was warmhearted and sincere and Judge Parker's reply was equally cordial



S. F. EDGE IN "NAPIER II," THE WINNING BOAT



THE AMERICAN BOAT "CHALLENGER" SPEEDING AGAINST "NAPIER II"

THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR BOAT RACES AT COWES

the light came he was alone with his wounded, and the Japanese, observing the red cross on his arm, did not march him away with the other prisoners, but properly left him to look after his own. This was now beyond him. He did not seem to realize that the suffering man next to him was trying vainly to ease his position without help till a Japanese surgeon gave it. When you knew him and knew Russia, his stupefaction was explainable.

If there is one thing more than another to be hoped it is that the lessons which the Russians are learning in this war may give the Red Cross man and every other common man in Russia a chance to approach the civilization of the other great powers of the world. It is a sad commentary on the way in which the Russian army is conducted that only two officers fell in this fight. Is it possible that this war is to show that the café life of inactivity has not only proven the Russian line officer's inefficiency—even his unintelligence—but has shown that his reputation for gallantry was won a little too easily against feeble foes? Is he, too, under the same spell of an enemy's continued success as the private is? Will it yet be beaten into his brain that with every step of progress in the development of modern arms war has become less a matter of hurrah and more one of science, of work, and the calm, unflinching courage of a far higher-tempered type than a Caesar or even a Napoleon needed? In this little action, as in others, you got the impression that the same officers who had neither the initiative nor the mastery of their troops to form them and recharge a force of one-third their numbers were inclined in that crisis (where they should have been first) to lead from behind.

#### Counting the Spoils of War

While the wounded waited for the litters, which went laden to the new temple and returned empty, the Japanese infantrymen appointed for the purpose were separating and cataloguing the equipment that had fallen into the victor's hands. You had only to look at this for further explanation of the marvel of the morning. In contrast to the aluminium canteen of the Japanese was the iron-bound unsanitary wooden water-bottle of the Russian. Instead of the aluminium pannikin, light, compact, portable, was the bag of brown bread and the two-quart bucket with no attachment for the belt except the bail. In place of the carefully fitted shoes and tight leggings, admitting of rapid movement, were the clumsy boots, too big for comfort or for getting a firm foothold on rough ground. The Russians had come in

their clumsy gray overcoats, which tripped their legs when their boots did not, as if they were going to the rear instead of into a critical action in the darkness, where mobility and surefootedness are first principles. Besides this, the Russian's trousers were all too big, as was his coat. Everything about him was like a paternal muffler, putting him at the disadvantage of a man swimming in an ulster and gum boots. The contest was that of a gamecock and a big brahma. The feet of one runs to spurs and the other to feathers.

The Russian had come to count on his weight. Let the Little Father and the priests give the word and he would lumber on over the savages. The Japanese—far more highly civilized than the Russian—has been training mind and muscle to meet an adversary of great reputation. His first shock of surprise at Russian slowness and stupidity has passed. What he did this morning he now regards as the natural thing. He now has the confidence as well as the skill. His possible error is that he may think that other Occidental armies are like the Russian.

Looking from the trench to the field, you saw prostrate forms, the splotch of white bandages showing where they had been hit, or if they had none the surgeon had come to them too late. Parties with spades were going about the field searching in the bushes, and, when they came to a fallen Russian, bending over him and then passing on or beginning to dig a hole, which in a few minutes was replaced by a mound with a stone or stick which said in Japanese characters that a certain soldier of a certain Russian regiment was buried there.

There was one wounded Russian still lying on the field whose proper destiny is emigration to America. He alone of his comrades had not lost his humor or his faculties for occupation. When I approached him he was rolling a cigarette. At sight of an Occidental face his blue eyes twinkled and his even white teeth, polished by black bread, showed in a smile of recognition. "Speak English?" he asked.

"Yes. Do you?" I responded eagerly.

"No," said he. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

"Do you?" I asked.

"Nein!" Then he asked me about the French in the same way. Here was his little joke, and he laughed over it heartily, just as if he did not have a bullet hole through the thick of his leg which had bled profusely.

When I returned from the field this Ivan Ivanovitch of Kharkoff was holding a reception. His Japanese friends had made him a stone rest with boughs for a cushion. There was no need of his rolling cigarettes now. He had a row of them and other offerings by his right hand, and he had been offered drink out of water-

bottles until he could not swallow another drop. One of the dozen around him evidently spoke a good deal of Russian. Ivan told them where he lived, and he laughed and joked, but for such an intelligent fellow he was most stupid about the morning's operations and the number of troops engaged. On the strength of his smile, Ivan would get on anywhere in the world. Earlier I had seen a wounded Japanese who, too, had that gift of good cheer which must have made him a rallying point of camaraderie. Half a dozen were accompanying his litter. In the pauses they bent over him caressingly and kept away the flies. He was badly hit, but still he was smiling.

A dozen rods away from Ivan was another Russian who had the top of his head gashed with a bullet. Out of his mind, he would try to rise, and then again he would try to find his rifle and his accoutrements. The next man I came to had escaped death by the narrowest margin. The bullet had passed between the carotid artery and the jugular vein. Without bleeding much, he had a very stiff and very sore neck. Two Japanese infantrymen had appointed themselves as his guardians, and were escorting him slowly up the road. One was for making him a pillow out of boughs and waiting till he could be carried back; the other argued that litters were few, and he had better be walked to the old temple, and this view prevailed.

#### The End of the Day's Work

By noon there were mounds over most of the still figures which I had seen on my arrival, and the wounded had been carried back. Only the fresh spaces of earth six feet long, the grass trampled here and there, and the trench sprinkled with empty cartridge shells reminded one of the fight. The rifles of the company were still stacked, and the men were still on leave, wandering about at will as they would in the streets of a garrison town at home, while some were still busy counting the rifles, the cartridge cases, and the tin buckets which the enemy had left behind.

In a little war this affair would have been made the subject of songs in the music halls and poems in the evening papers. In military parlance it was a disastrous attempt to rush an outpost under cover of darkness. That sounds as proper and formal as calling out the guard. In fact, it was a struggle with cold steel between opponents armed with rifles that carry 2,500 yards; in fact, it had all the human elements and all the strategy, tactics, and unexpected contingencies of a battle compressed within the limits of the immediate comprehension of eye and mind.

## A QUIVER OF VERSE AGAINST WAR

### "THE SHADOW OF SWORDS"

HE spake but truth, that prophet wild and gaunt,  
Whose mortal body in Medina lies;  
And his mad, fierce words the soul of the world still  
haunt—

"Under the shadow of swords is Paradise!"

I deem that the heart of man is but savage still,  
And his praise of peace but an ill-worn half-disguise;  
His "War must be" but masks his warlike will—  
"Under the shadow of swords is Paradise."

### THE DIFFERENCE

A THOUSAND men as one are slain—'tis naught;  
No human brother must by thee be slain.  
'Tis well! 'tis ill! It is as we are taught;  
This act is Glorious War; that, Murder plain!

A thousand men each side—they meet, they clash,  
They kill—for private vengeance all unfain;  
Thou diest—if thou slay in anger rash!—  
One act is Glorious War; one, Murder plain!

### "A LITTLE SOLDIER"

A True Incident

IT is the heart of Russia—  
That heart with every beat,  
An inward echo—answers  
The throb of marching feet.

It is a child's first letter:  
"I send thee all my love;  
While thou dost fight for Russia,  
I pray to God above."

'Tis "To a Little Soldier"  
That letter is addressed;

By

EDITH M. THOMAS

And with it goes a packet  
Of sweets the child loves best,

Of books himself has chosen,  
Of warmest things to wear,  
A pipe—and, yes! tobacco;  
All tied with loving care. . . .

It is the child's first letter,  
In straggling symbols traced;  
Five thousand versts it travels  
The white Siberian waste!

It is the camp at Dalny,  
Amid the lingering snows;  
There, to the youngest private,  
The child's first letter goes.

He reads it to his comrades—  
Scarce more than boys are they;  
And half the packet's treasures  
By lot he gives away.

He folds and keeps the letter,  
His answer speeds afar:  
"God love thee, Little Comrade,  
For comrades true we are:  
One fights, one prays for Russia,  
And for her dear White Czar!" . . .

It is a field of battle  
On which the sun has set;  
It is the child's first letter,  
With trickling life-blood wet!

("Pray on, thou Little Comrade,  
Thy duty claims thee yet;  
Pray on—thy Little Soldier  
His death has gladly met!")

### WORLD-PATRIOTISM

THEY serve their Country who, at her behest,  
Against her foes their armed valor prove;  
But men would serve the World (and Country) best  
If, everywhere, no man to War would move.

For Best and Bravest War will have, or none,  
And Best and Bravest are Earth's good red wine;  
That wine, outpoured, remain the lees alone,  
And for the wasted vintage Earth must pine.

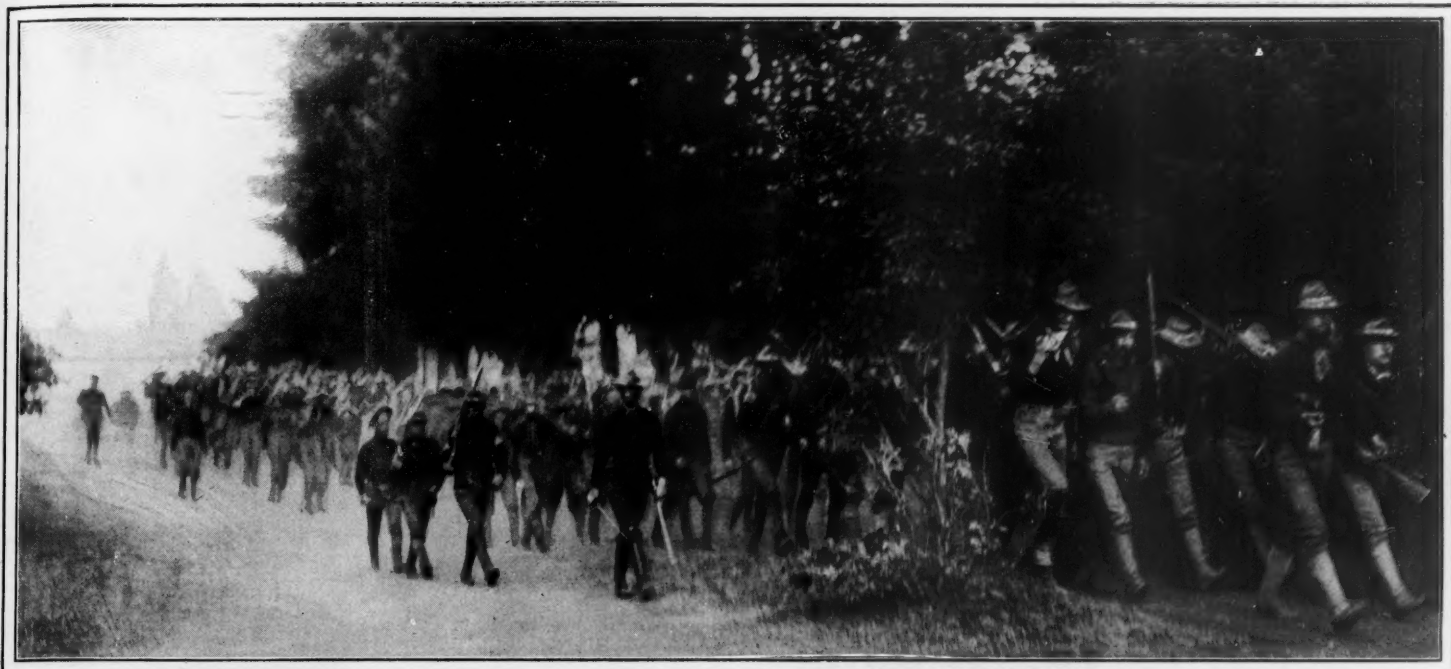
### CASSANDRA

I AM Cassandra, as in dreams of sleep  
Crying, "Beware, beware!" yet none gives ear.  
None flees before the looming Shape of Fear,  
None turns the footfall from the beetling steep.  
Ye heroes! whom unnumbered eyes shall weep,  
I speak in dreams, ye will not, will not hear?  
Accurs'd be War, that costs our world so dear!  
Accurs'd be Mars, who makes your pulses leap!

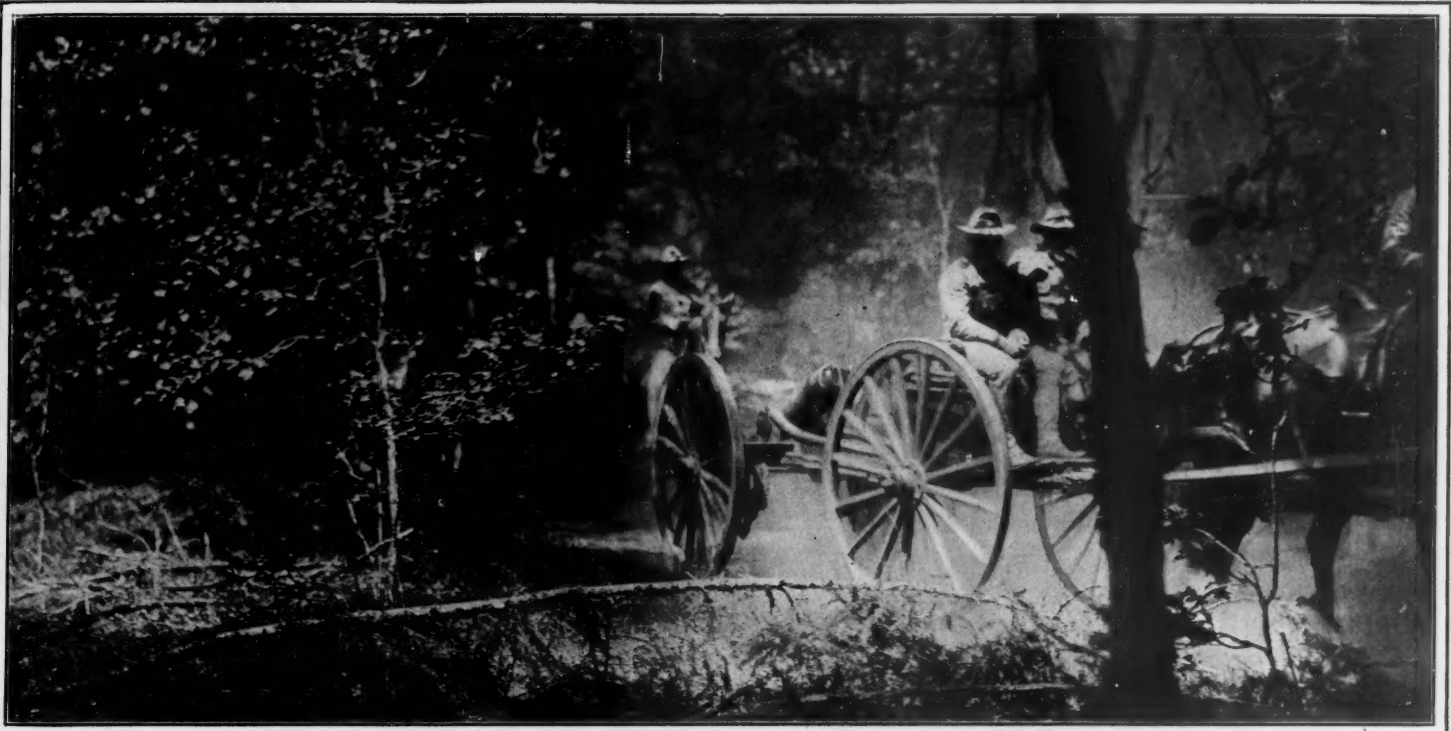
I am Cassandra. On my soul was laid  
Grave power of forecast. Ye are dead men all!  
The strewn field moans with the departing shade,  
And moaning answers from the empty hall—  
This of the wife, that of the plighted maid! . . .  
Oh, let the veil before my vision fall!



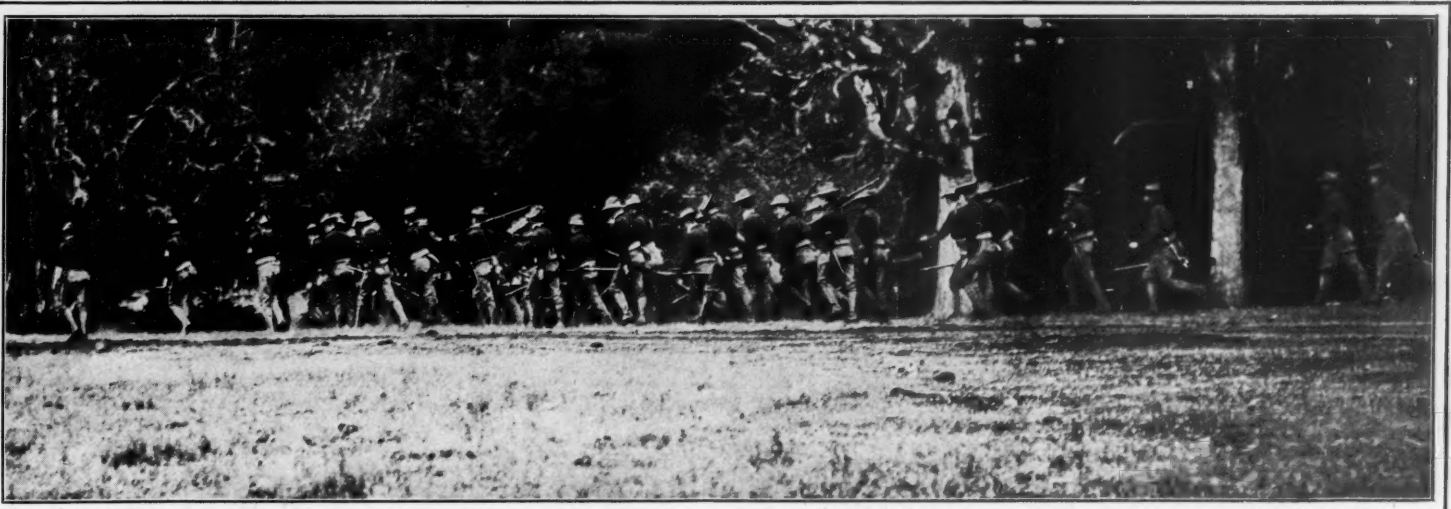




TROOPS MARCHING BACK TO CAMP AFTER A SHAM BATTLE



THE TWENTY-EIGHTH LIGHT BATTERY MOVING THROUGH HEAVY TIMBER



A PARTY OF SKIRMISHERS SETTING OUT FROM CAMP NISQUALLY

### THE ARMY MANOEUVRES AT AMERICAN LAKE, WASHINGTON

Five thousand men of the regular army and of the National Guard of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho were engaged in these manoeuvres, under command of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston. The troops consisted of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and signal corps, and were divided into two divisions occupying Camps Stellacoon and Nisqually, seven miles apart. The conditions of actual war were simulated as nearly as possible, the two divisions representing opposing armies. There were sham battles and other evolutions, lasting ten days in all.



LITTLE SERMONS IN PEN AND INK.—II

The first of these "little sermons," "The Army of Work," was published in the Household Number for August. The third and last will appear in the Household Number for October, under the title of "When the Old Folks Come to Town"

FROM THE BRT

RAWN

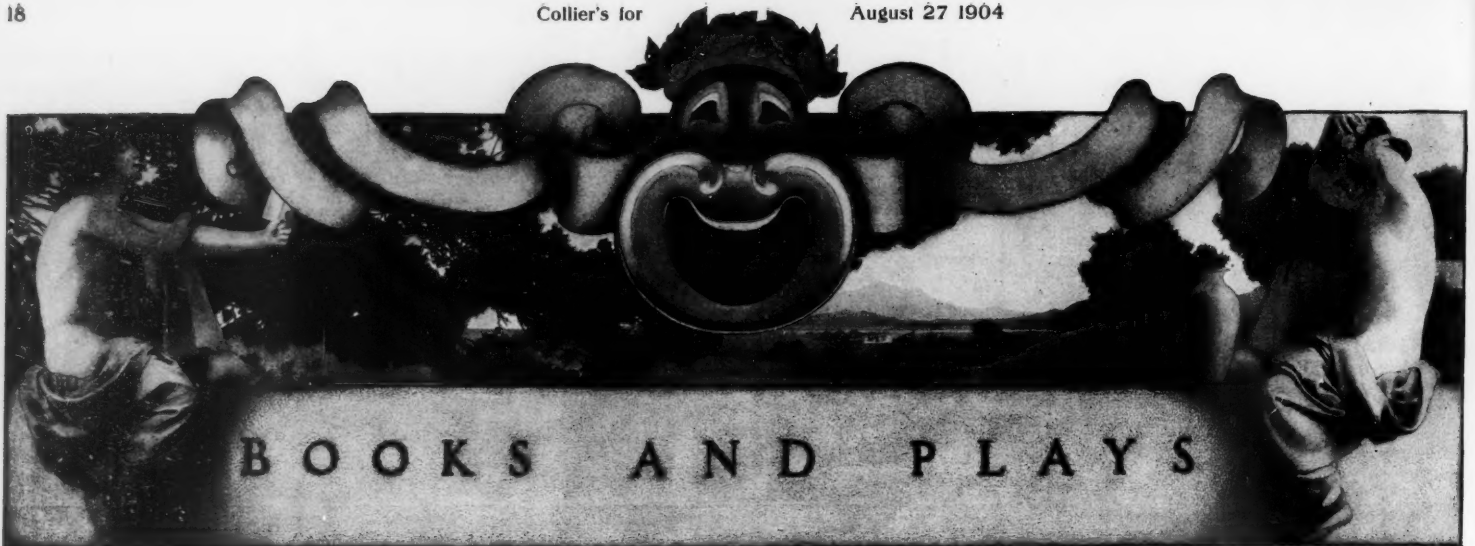




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## BARTENDER'S POINT OF VIEW

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

## A Conversation with Mr. Elwell

ART in America receives some light from the following communication:

NEW YORK, August 6, 1904

EDITOR OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

Dear Sir—One has only to note the degrading spectacle of the very men who were most loud in their denunciation of the "Saturnalia," now interested in the rum business, to realize what class of humbug is interested in art reform mixed up with other reforms.

There seems only the Catholic Church left to hold up the dignity of true religion; although it has been supposed that both Protestants and Catholics have put the rum shop under the social ban.

Had the much-abused "Saturnalia" been exhibited, with its wonderful silent lesson, perhaps we would not have uncovered the "Cabal" so soon.

If these men could learn the eleventh commandment it would be a most excellent thing for this community.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

F. EDWIN ELWELL,

Curator Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The meaning of this letter is that the curator of the department of ancient and modern statuary in the most important museum in America is out of sympathy with all the best art opinion in America. General Cesnola, at the head of that museum, has always been a stumbling block to aesthetic progress, and Mr. Elwell seems to be a worthy adjutor. His letter, which is a response to what was written in this department last month about Biondi and the "Saturnalia," shows more heat than light. If his allegation about the connection between rum and opposition to Biondi's work has any foundation more substantial than a dream, Mr. Elwell would perform a public service by letting the facts be known.

It would also be pleasant to understand more clearly the exact connection between the artistic controversy and the Catholic or any other Church.

As to the "Cabal," Mr. Elwell, occupying a position where he is supposed to know and care something about art, merely uses a hostile term to represent all the best sculptors in America. They are too busy to be an association for pulling wires. That is left to men without a job. It was unwise for the sculptors' society to interfere at all, in this particular episode, but although that association contains mediocrities and nullities, the ablest sculptors are there also. They unanimously refused to go off with Mr. Partridge and form another "Cabal." From this, among other causes, spring the tears of Mr. Elwell. Let us omit the point about what



PERCY MACKAYE

the society did and look at the deeper question of standards involved. If Mr. Elwell can find any artist of the first rank in America, sculptor, architect, or painter, to agree with his estimate of the "Saturnalia," he will do something to save himself and the Metropolitan Museum from the undignified position in which the Biondi row has left them.

Which eleventh commandment does Mr. Elwell mean? In cryptic quality his style makes George Meredith and Browning lucid by comparison.

The foremost artists in every line think the management of the Metropolitan a disgrace to New York and

the United States. Mr. Elwell does not agree with them. It will be a pleasure to COLLIER'S at any time to give a fuller hearing to his side of a controversy which must end, sooner or later, in an entire cleaning out of all that he and General Cesnola stand for, and the introduction of what he sarcastically calls art reform, which merely means art standards in the Museums worthy of the country which stands second to-day, among the nations of the Western world, in landscape painting, first or second in sculpture, first or second in architecture, and boasts that the greatest portrait painter of the day is hers by blood at least. The first-rate artists are nearly enough in agreement in their opinions on controverted questions generally, as they are on the principles now being fought about in Washington and New York. It is second and third rate artists who are in line with the suspicions and prejudices of the more untutored public, and endeavor to work up distrust of the men who are giving to American art the position which it is rapidly assuming.

## A Real Dramatic Poet

OF all the plays that incubate my desk, most are without form and void. Sometimes there is a bit of movement, character, or style, which looks like a germ of future strength, but seldom indeed does a play chance along which is practical and at the same time literature. Such a piece now lies before me.

Percy Mackaye is a poet and a dramatist. I should not be surprised if he took some day in America a position like that held by Stephen Phillips in England. Some of his verses have been published in periodicals, and have lyric beauty. His one published play, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," in spite of its undramatic theme, shows poetic and dramatic gift. The drama now upon my desk is as unmistakably dramatic as it is full of imagination. The author has started with the idea which Hawthorne sketched humorously in "Feathertop," an idea which, a satirist would add, is more familiar to the public in "The Wizard of Oz"—a scarecrow become a living man. On this theme Mr. Mackaye has built what he exactly calls a tragedy of the ludicrous. The first act gives the creation of the scarecrow man, and reveals the witch's plot to punish with this prodigy the lover who betrayed her youth. The second and third acts are full of power. The former betrayer, now a Judge of dignity and station, has adopted a girl, to whom the scarecrow, as a foreign nobleman, now makes love. All are deceived except the Justice, who is kept silent by threats from the fiend who prompts the scarecrow. The comedy is as fine as the drama is intense. The opportunities, for an actor capable of the weird, are peculiar. Tree or Mansfield, or even, perhaps, a less firmly established character actor, like Arnold Daly, would find the part exceptional. The scarecrow is passed upon the Judge as the hell-born child of his youthful escapade. Richard, the young girl's affianced lover, also has a faint suspicion of the truth:

*The Justice.* Cynthia!—a crested seal!  
*Dickon (the fiend).* His lordship's crest, sir; rooks rampant.  
*Rachel (the fiancée).* Have you noticed his bearing, Richard? What personal distinction!—what inbred nobility! Every inch a true lord.  
*Richard.* He may be a lord, my dear, but he walks like a broomstick.

The scarecrow lives only while he smokes, and the devil-inspired explanations of his smoking in society form dialogue of rare humor. The torture of the Justice, the naivete of the minor characters and the heroine, the wit and ingenuity of the fiend, the restlessness of Richard, and the grotesque nobility of the scarecrow are worked along in scenes of sure dramatic power, rising strikingly into the supernatural, with accompaniment of cawing rooks. Many an attempt has been made to dramatize "The Scarlet Letter," but Mr. Mackaye is probably the only American who could handle with success a Hawthorne theme. The play is original, not only in the full dramatic structure built upon the merely sketched foundation; not only in invented characters, scenes, and dialogue; but also in the skilful metamorphosis into a tragic fancy, differing so essentially from the airy graces of Hawthorne's story.

## The Author of "Hazel Kirke"

MR. MACKAYE comes naturally by his dramatic gifts, for his father was Steele Mackaye, author of "Hazel Kirke," "Paul Kauvar," "In Spite of All," "Dakola," "Rose Michel," and many other plays. The father's strange conglomeration of tendencies—he was painter, lecturer, dramatist, manager, actor, and inventor—have become differentiated in his sons. One,

now dead, was an actor of promise. One is a chemist by profession, with excursions in philosophy. The youngest studies forestry. A patent lawyer, Harold Steele Mackaye, published this season a novel called "The Panchronicon." Percy Mackaye's interests have never wandered from the drama. As a child he was his father's companion, before and behind the scenes. The boy was about a dozen years old when the two first went together to a Shakespeare play. "It is the form," said the son, no doubt in more childish language, "that has made it live." "No," said the father, "it is the passion and emotion." The literary instinct was never carried so far in Steele Mackaye as the more primitive



STEELE MACKAYE

sense of life. His career was that of one overflowing with vitality. As a boy he studied painting under Hunt, and then went to Paris, where he lived and talked and painted in the studios of famous men. Friendship with Delsarte led to his introducing the Delsarte system to America. Enthusiasm for those doctrines led him to illustrate them on the stage, and he helped to write the play "Monaldi," with a sculptor for hero, to elucidate more graphically the gospel of Delsarte. He produced it in England, where he also took the part of Hamlet, although as a rule he acted only when his convenience as a manager invited. For teaching the Delsarte system his terms rose to \$15 for half an hour, but his enthusiastic nature sometimes multiplied the half-hour into four while succeeding pupils had to wait. When he opened the Madison Square, "Hazel Kirke" was put on as a stop-gap, because Charles Reade's new version of "Masks and Faces" was not quite ready. "Hazel Kirke" ran four hundred nights and was shut off to make room for William Gillette's long-postponed "Professor." Having trouble with his associates, Mackaye started the Lyceum. His activities during this period included the invention of a double stage, the installation of the first theatre-ventilating apparatus, and the foundation of a school of acting, assisted by Franklin Sargent, now at the head of the principal American dramatic school. Last of all his schemes was the Mackaye Spectatorium at the Chicago Fair of 1893. It failed then for lack of funds, and just as Mackaye believed that he had proved its practicability, later, with a smaller model, he died, with his mind full of science, art, and every human interest.

## Names and the Thing

JOURNALISM moves rapidly, but even journalism has delays. As COLLIER'S is to have actual reviews of books and plays when its Review Number is installed, the last moment for a proper title to this department of essays on the arts recedes with the recession of that new number. As the Review Number has been postponed, and the ideal name for this department has not appeared, the old, inaccurate one can be continued, if need be, for several months.

"Readings and Reflections" attracted me, but in part of the months there will be no reading.

"The Literary Dude" produced hilarity in the office,



as it was deemed to fit the crime; but a joke will hardly last forever.

"Halts by the Roadside" contains a fit idea too sentimentally expressed.

"Palettes of the Times," from Ben Jonson, modified into Tastes of the Time, would be right were COLLIER'S a more literary and a less popular publication.

From a mass of suggestions, ranging from the hackneyed to the bizarre, and from the felicitous to the absurd, these come nearest to the editorial desire.

#### Poetry and Youth

ONE of the questions we ask ourselves as we grow older is whether we lose poetic feeling as our youth recedes. Darwin's case is often quoted as the type. Reading, the other day, a poem that was a favorite of my college days, I wondered whether it

might not be true of others also, that, although we may enjoy poetry no less as the years pass, it is harder to branch out in new poetic directions. The poems and poets we read are those we learned to read when the mind was soft and our habits not yet formed. Later, when we are led to a new masterpiece, we are able to "see, not feel, how beautiful it is." The keenest pleasure comes from beauties which have reverberated in us many times. No newly discovered play by Shakespeare, however great, could give me the emotions raised by those which have played upon my nature every year since the early teens. This line of thought was started by a little book of verses, which lay upon the table of a friend, and carried me back to college days, when half a dozen lines of mere translation convinced a group of youthful editors that William Vaughn Moody was a poet. In this collection only one poem from Mr. Moody's college work was included, and that I liked it best in the collection proved more about

youth and later life than about the relative merits of the poems. It now reads thus:

#### HARMONIES

This string upon my harp was best beloved;  
I thought I knew its secrets through and through;  
Till an old man, whose young eyes lightened blue  
Neath his white hair, bent over me and moved  
His fingers up and down, and broke the wire  
To such a laddered music, rung on rung,  
As from the patriarch's pillow skyward sprung  
Crowded with wide flung wings and feet of fire.  
O vibrant heart! So metely tuned and strung  
That any untaught hand can draw from thee  
One clear gold note that makes the tired years young—  
What of the time when Love had whispered me  
Where slept thy notes, and my hand pausefully  
Gave to the dim harmonies voice and tongue?

In the original form, as I remember it, the last lines speak of the time when love shall whisper the secrets which now are put into the past, and that change seems to me unpoetical and sad.

## FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

*This is the fourth story of a series of six tales dealing with the adventures of Aleck, Teddy, Cyril, Jimmy, and Stewart, five youngsters who devote their entire time and attention to looking for trouble. In this quest they are peculiarly successful, as is shown by these recitals of their adventures. The present tale deals with an experiment in dynamics. The previous stories appeared in the June, July, and August Household Numbers. The others will be published in successive Household Numbers under the following titles: "The Awakening of Rastus," and "A Gaudy Combat"*

### IV.—THE PATIENT FOG SIGNAL

THE guileless shiny little tin box that was a fog signal, and a wrist watch, and a toy of mysterious delight, became a potent factor, a Frankenstein, an old man of the sea to its possessor, Aleck Graham. And yet it was wealth—it was a lever to move all other boys to compliance; the loan of it for half a day was a favor to be bought with marbles, or a top, or a ripe peach.

Its owner, the Graham of Scotch thrift, went the length of farming it out for real money.

Cyril Baker paid two cents for the privilege of carrying it one day; and Tootie Drummond gave a lien for equal rights in the first five cents he might earn, and became proprietor of the tin-inclosed dynamite for a day and night.

Even in that brief time he put his sister's nerves out of gear for a month by threatening to "bust" the explosive thing in the house.

It was Jack Woolley, the much wise, the oracle, who imparted to Aleck the secret of the fog signal's mysterious use. But even Jack knew nothing of the fraction of dynamite it contained, nor of its virility—just that it made a noise when run over, or "busted," as he put it.

Aleck had promised Ted, and Brownie, and Tootie that he would bust it some day—yes, some day; but in the meantime it was a power, and he was wise enough in his boyhood to feel that a shattered fog signal would be but a bit of tin. So he nursed the influence; as the Spartan boy carried the fox within his rough shirt, Aleck homed the explosive signal on his wrist.

At school he hid it in his desk, and at night it rested beneath his pillow; with gravity many times a day he gave the boys correct time from it.

Aleck had chores to do at home. He brought up coal for the kitchen stove. Once the signal fell with strong clatter from his wrist to the brick floor of the cellar. "Golly!" he told the boys later; "blamed if I didn't think the darned old thing would get busted sure, an' we'd 'a' lost all the fun."

The next time he laid it on the stove as he picked up the scuttle, and it was pushed about among flatirons and pots by Cook Jane, who was quite ignorant of its volcanic tendency.

Considering everything, its temptations, it must be said that the fog signal was wonderfully tolerant of abuse. It even became somewhat of a protection to its wearer. His threat to strike one of the other boys with it generally averted war.

But in time the glamour of its compelling influence began to wear off. The boys tired of following Aleck wherever he led them—fishing trips to streams devoid of fish, bird nesting where there were no nests; Tootie even helped him with his chores—and all because of indefinite promises from Aleck that he would bust the signal. So some real efforts were made to bring about the desired event.

In the very first serious attempt, the 'bus was hit upon as a likely vehicle; of course, the driver was not consulted.

A dozen times Aleck placed the torpedo on the hard graveled road just before the 'bus swung around the hotel corner, but the wheels always missed fire—it was difficult to gauge just where a wheel would or would not run. Then they lay in wait for farmers' wagons coming up the main street—they were steadier. Nothing came of it, except one or two cuts from the whips of suspicious teamsters.

Then little Jimmie Maclean was seized with a brilliant idea. His father had a buggy that was generally in the driving shed. There was a sharp-inclined, hard-

bottomed bit of road from the shed, and they could let the buggy sizzle over the fog signal and see what it would do to the vehicle when it busted.

Very cheerfully they took up Jimmie's idea, accepting his assurance that his "dad" was away from home.

Aleck placed the tin-covered dynamite on the driveway; the others shoved the buggy out a little. "Let her go!" yelled Teddy, and merrily enough it clattered down the hill, missing the small object and taking three pickets from a fence in the hollow.

"Guess we skew-geed the wheels anyhow," declared Teddy, as they laboriously pulled the buggy up again.

This catastrophe proved the fallacy of Jimmie's information as to his father's absence from home. The crash brought the reverend gentleman from his study; he issued forth with alacrity. The boys departed with even greater speed, Aleck taking the instrument of misfortune with him. Even little Jimmie fled—undutifully turned a back upon his irate father and fled. And as his little feet pattered down the road, he lamented: "I'll get licked—I'll get an awful welting, 'cause the buggy's smashed—it wasn't my fault."

"Tell yer father we did it, kid, and shut up blubbering—then he won't lick you," panted Aleck, as he scuttled along beside the little fellow.

"Bet you we'll all get licked," said Tootie, when they made a halt, blocks away. "My dad said he'd strap me the next thing we broke."

"B'lieve I'll throw the blamed thing in Lawson's pond," muttered Aleck in disgust. "Don't believe it'll bust anyway—bet there ain't nothin' in it. Guess I'll throw it in to-night when it gets dark," he continued reflectively.

"I'm goin' home," remarked Tootie.

"Don't go home, fellers," pleaded Jimmie; "let me go home with you, Stubs; will you—do, Teddy?"

"Go to yer Auntie's, Jimmie," advised Tootie, always full of resource; "tell her you're afraid, an' that you didn't do nothin', an' that your dad's awful cross—she'll hide you, an' your maw'll get lonesome—p'raps she'll think you've gone an' drowneded yourself, or got run over—"

"That's a bully way, kid," chipped in Cyril. "I did that onct when I broke the big window."

"I'm goin' home, fellers," repeated Stubs monotonously.

"So'm I," added Tootie, and Jimmie in despair went to his aunt's.

Aleck forgot all about the pond as a receptacle for the fog signal, and in the morning, his fear having departed somewhat, hunted up Cyril.

"I know a jim-dandy place to bust it," he confided: "up to Lawson's mill. They've got a funny little track there, a real iron track that we can put it on, an' when Old Bill pushes the car that they put the boards on over it, bet you anythin' it'll go off."

"Jimmie!" exclaimed Brownie. "Say, Aleck, won't that be great? It'll scare Old Bill—p'raps he'll give us a lickin'," he added fearfully.

"No, he won't neither—can't we hide after we put it on?"

"Let's go and get Stubs."

"No, we'll just go by ourselves."

The track alluded to by Aleck ran from one part of the mill to the other on an elevated way over the road.

"Say, Aleck," whispered Cyril, when they had fastened the fog signal to the small iron rail, just above the road, "nobody ain't see us, let's go in and help Bill take the boards off, then he'll let us ride back on the old car, an' we can hear it bust. He won't know we put it on—anyway we can run if he goes to ketch us—will you, Aleck?"

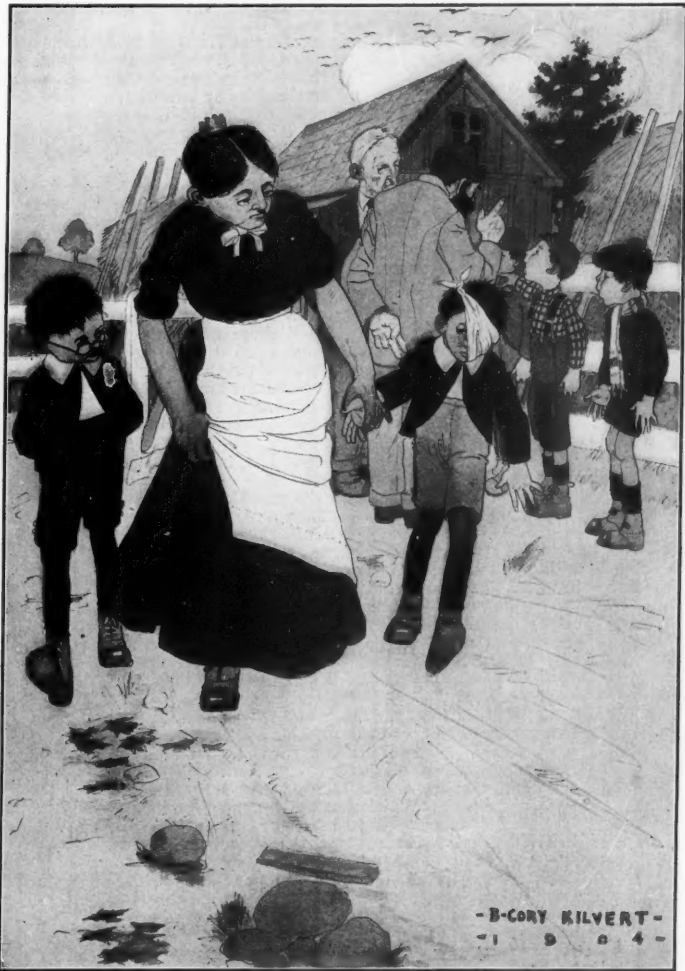
Graham hesitated. It seemed like shaking hands with trouble.

"Guess you're afraid," taunted Cyril. "I wouldn't be—I ain't 'fraid of Old Bill; he's got lumbago an' couldn't kick a feller."

"No, I ain't afraid; only if we was down on the road we could see it bust. P'raps it'll blow up the car, an' we could see it tumble."

"If you ain't afraid let's go on the car—will you, Aleck?"

Cyril's insinuation had its effect—Aleck couldn't



The boy was led into the house, where the doctor took stitches in the great gash in his face

"You hold the blamed tin thing, Aleck," he continued, "an' steer it so's the wheels'll run over it."

Once more the buggy was cut adrift with racing speed, and little Jimmie, clinging too long to his shaft, the front axle kinked, and the rig curved gracefully through the flower garden until a hind wheel clove a glass-covered hotbed like a knife cutting cake. It contained no plants at that season, but the structure was quite demolished. Incidentally, in its parabolic voyage the rig had caromed off a beehive and the honey-brewers were out in a second attending to business.

stand the accusation of cowardice, and Old Bill, to his quiet delight, soon had two willing helpers at work unloading the lumber.

"Git on en hev a ride, boys," he said cheerfully, when the last board had been shifted.

It was slightly down grade back, and the old gentleman, giving the car a start, sat on it, his legs dangling over the side, unconscious of the probability that if the fog signal which was on that rail exploded he would lose a heel, or a few toes, or perhaps even a leg. In justice to the two conspirators it must be said that they had no idea of such catastrophe.

"Sit still," commanded Bill. "What y'u jigglin' round 'bout—ye'll fall off an' break yer necks. My! what in Jeruzlam wuz that?" as the wheels bumped, bumped, over the obstruction.

But the inconsiderate torpedo did not explode; it still clung tenaciously to the track, its upper crust flattened like a sodden pie.

The boys retrieved their toy and descended to the roadbed.

"Guess 'tain't no good, Brownie," said Aleck; "don't believe it's a gun-thing at all."

"Bet you got to hit it hard," opined Cyril. "Bet you a swat from an axe 'd make it sizzle. Have you got one to your house? Hold on, Aleck—where you goin'?" he exclaimed as his companion started on the run.

Getting no answer, he followed. Aleck had practi-

cally stolen Cyril's patent, the idea of the axe, and was heading for home at full speed, as he said afterward, "to have first try."

Down the main street from the mill, down the lane to the back yard and into the woodshed raced the boys, Aleck still in the lead. But delay in finding the axe offset the victory of the run.

"I got first swipe at it," asserted Aleck. "Funny we never thought of the axe afore, ain't it, Brownie?"

"All right," agreed Cyril; "here's a big chunk of wood, Aleck, jus' set it on that, an' hit 'er plunk as hard as you can."

Aleck had found the axe by this time. Cyril's instructions were carried out to the letter, and his companion brought the axe down with a woodman's swing. "Bang!!!"

The very atmosphere of Tona was cracked asunder as though some strange thunderbolt had wandered into town and butted up against a rock.

The fog signal, small, but of fierce force, long tortured in its innocuous quietude, awoke to activity with a start that carried its reckless assailant several feet into the air, and dropped him, much shattered, on his head. He staggered to his feet, his face streaming with blood, and Cyril, who had marvelously escaped hurt, bravely ran to his assistance.

"Come on, Aleck—come away to the doctor!" he pleaded, catching the boy's arm.

As the little fellows staggered up the lane, a woman with a white face and heart almost stopped in fear, rushed madly from the house and screamed: "Help, help! Oh, God, my boy is killed!" Then she had him in her arms, her dress stained red, and turning, started to run.

"Give him to me, Mrs. Graham," said a man's voice, and people were running from every direction, the fierce explosion having startled every one in the village.

But Aleck slipped to his feet, and, the first fierce burst of crying over, struggling bravely with the pain, sobbed, "I can walk, mother—"

"There's a brave little man—I'll run for the doctor," interrupted the neighbor.

The boy was led into the house, and in a very few minutes the doctor was taking stitches in the great gash that had laid his cheekbone bare.

"It will take some weeks healing," the doctor said, "and he will probably have a scar for life."

For days Aleck was a hero; one to receive presents. Cakes and pies, even flowers, were brought by his companions. Teddy and Cyril and Tootie—each one of the three had cheerfully at individual times punched the little man in fierce combat—now sat hours with him daily, and read books to him, and played with household toys, and generally pretended that it wasn't much of a day to play outside anyway.

Such is the freemasonry of boyhood.

## THE NEW GLORIES OF CONEY ISLAND

By ARTHUR B. RUHL : : Illustrated by W. GLACKENS

IT BEGINS to look as though there were nothing stable in this world of change. When Coney Island, the old "Cooney" of song and story, puts on fine raiment, decks herself with jeweled lights and becomes polite, what is there left to tie to? Things seem to be going to the demitison bow-wows. If I were a poet I would write a ballad to the refrain "O where is the Cooney of yesteryear?" Where is Bosco, the Wild Man—"Alive! Alive! He eats 'em alive!"—roaring and rattling his chains down at the bottom of his cage and biting the heads off of snaky eels? Where is Fatima, the Pride of the Harem—"Watch the little lady dance! She's all muscle; every fibre a palpitating atom of action, and she don't dance with her feet!"—Fatima, standing on the platform behind the "barker," her face veiled and her dingy bathrobe swaying mournfully in the cool sea breeze? Where are the "barkers," and the insistent perfume of fried crabs and boiled green-corn and frankfurters, and the great unwashed host taking its annual bath, far into the night, out there in the black water under the iron piers, amid the wan, wet melon rinds? O where, indeed, is the "Cooney" of yesteryear?

### A Thousand Shows

The new Coney Island is a sort of cross between the outside of the modern world's fair and the inside of the modern midway. It is a thing of white walls and towers and lagoons and myriads of sparkling lights. There is a great glittering "ballroom" as big as a city block almost, at one end, on the pier where you land, and there is an imitation Indian Durbur, with all the elephants and rajahs and things, a half-mile or so away at the other. And between these two extremes there is about every kind of eccentric sort of amusement which the brain of the modern "pike" proprietors can devise. There are shoot-the-chutes and loop-the-loops and bump-the-bumps; scenic railways over the earth, under the sea, and to the mountains of the moon; and even through the Tyrolean Alps. You know they're the Alps, because it says so and because a trio of cornetists, one of whom plays two horns at once, stand in the balcony of a Swiss chalet and play extremely noisy pieces with much tonguing and variations, while you are deciding whether or not you want to go in and

are trying to listen to the orchestra playing "Good-bye, Bluebells" on the other side of the lagoon. There is a real submarine boat which goes under real water, and a baby incubator, and a free three-ring circus which thousands can watch; and the trained animals of the sprightly Mr. Bostock and a "real naval battle" between the Russian and Japanese fleets, the entrance to which bears the sententious and cheering illuminated sign, "War is Hell," said General Sherman." These are a very few of the shows. And it is quite decorous for any one to go. This summer folks bowl down to Coney after dinner at the uptown restaurants in appalling white devil-wagons, or motor-boats that swirl down from the Battery or East Thirty-fourth Street at twenty knots. People could have gone in the same way to the old Coney Island, but it rarely would have occurred to them even if there had been as many motor-boats and devil-wagons as there are now. Nowadays you not only can do these things, but they are "done." And along with the devil-wagon and motor-boat people, and those who used to make up the greater part of the Coney Island crowd, are hundreds and hundreds of quite comf-looking folk; fathers and mothers with their



A young woman sailed down the chute

families, who, until this summer or last, never thought of going to Coney Island before.

The first thing you see in the new Coney Island is the big "ballroom." It is a building, the sides of which are mostly glass, on the shore-end of the pier—"fanned by ocean breezes"—and almost as dazzlingly bright within as those places where you sit in a sort of white box two feet away from a searchlight and have your photograph taken on a button in ten seconds. The orchestra plays in a gallery in front of a sounding-board, and when the noise billows back and forth across the vast hall it is enough, if not to terrify, certainly to make one want to dance. When the band begins to play, scores, and if it is a Saturday or Sunday night, hundreds flock from the tables and from the less interesting amusements outside on to this vast floor. The young men mostly grasp their partners by putting both hands under their arms or upon, not about, their waists; the young women, who, by all wearing exactly the same style of pompadour and shirtwaist, manage to look as much as possible alike, do the same thing, and then they dance in "half time" with the greatest solemnity about the hall. This style of dancing consists of an oblique sort of walking, varied now and then with a turn. The oblique walk is done with a quick, relentless, soldier-like step, and this, together with the rigid solemnity of the dancers' faces, gives to the whole a strange hypnotic charm.

### A Glorified Cellar-Door to Slide On

After the solemnity of the ballroom it is rather a relief to get out into the open and see the chutes and people "bumping-the-bumps" and such simple and moving things. One of the things which the crowd likes best is a sort of winding inclined trough, made of bamboo and polished smooth as glass. You sit down in this at the top and slide to the bottom, precisely as a piece of ice slides down a chute into a cellar, except that you go about twice as fast and are likely to be upset at the turns. This slide costs nothing at all except the trouble of climbing to the top of it, and the charm of it is correspondingly insidious. People are often most vain about the littlest things, and they get it into

their heads, as they shoot down the slide, that they have an improved way of taking the turns or of making themselves slide faster, and they go back to try again, and pretty soon they get the habit.

"You want to lean in when you strike the curves," a man said to me the other night, as we stood staring with the crowd at the bottom. "That's the whole secret of it." And he fell to pulling his mustache and staring fixedly at the glassy chute as though he were a Japanese general trying to discover a strategic weakness in the defences of Port Arthur. There was an exceedingly plump young woman who sailed down the chute, as we stood there watching, some ten or fifteen times. When I strolled on she was still at it, quite self-centred and unconscious, and apparently having the time of her life. She was so heavy that she slid much faster than anybody else, especially than the little children, and sometimes when half a dozen of them were ahead of her she would swoop down upon them and carry them along with her as an avalanche might swoop down on a party of mountain climbers. She took the corners with the grace of a cup defender rounding the outer mark in a fifteen-knot breeze. You could see that she knew this and that the consciousness of it thrilled her. Children were mowed down before her, fat men with umbrellas skidded along behind like auto-trucks on wet asphalt, but she came down bolt erect, each time faster than before, her hands in her lap and a fixed hypnotic smile on her face. It seemed a pity that she had to climb back each time to the top again. One could fancy her dreaming of endless slides down vast abysses where you never find the bottom, "changed not in kind, but in degree," as Mr. Browning said, "the instant made eternity."

### The Bumps are the Newest Attraction

Bump-the-bumps is this summer's variation of the slide down the bamboo trough. In this you slide down a broad polished incline covered with irregular rounded bumps not steep enough to hurt, but steep enough

to upset you and shunt you here and there precisely like a ball dropping down a bagatelle-board. It is an amusement not involving any very intense mental strain, and is highly recommended for "breaking the ice," a process which should begin early in a visit to Coney Island. The most pleasing of these instruments of torture, involving a rapid shifting of equilibrium, is the aerial merry-go-round or stationary flying-machine. This consists of a number of boats hung by long cables to a horizontal wheel set high in the air. You board the boats from a raised platform, the electricity is turned on, the wheel up above revolves, and as it turns, faster and faster, the boats are swung out by centrifugal force until you are flying round and round over the heads of the crowd below and apparently almost at right angles to the wheel from which the cables are hung. Of course, the angle isn't nearly a right angle, but as you hang on tight and nourish the agreeable expectation that the cables will break the next second, and the boat be hurled down upon the crowd, it seems quite all of ninety degrees. The cables and the upper wheel and the upright that supports them are all sparkling with electric lights, so that at a distance the machine



"I guess we don't belong"



"Watch the little lady dance!—she don't dance with her feet!"





THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON CROWDS ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND

looks somewhat like a gigantic illuminated umbrella twirling round and round. For the spectators the thing has real airiness and beauty, and a more charming way of trifling with gravity it would be hard to devise.

One of the things which Americans who were brought up on the old Barnum school miss in the new Coney is the scarcity of places where one can be fooled. In the old days you went into a ramshackle shanty, and after a few very poor songs or a mournful bit of dancing the "barker" arose, and in a hoarse whisper requested "all the ladies to pass out." Then, with a wealth of innuendo and the manner of one imparting to a long-lost friend of his youth the secret of the location of a gold mine, he told the men present that if they would pass into the next room they would see the real thing, the only real thing on the Island, for the trifling additional sum of ten cents. The proper thing to do was to look very much bored and start slowly for the front door, whereupon, after the mob of willing performers had passed into the side-room at a ten-cent rate, the "barker" would beckon to you and mutter sadly, "Well, come on, young fellow, call it five and let 'er go at that." You then had the thrilling satisfaction of having beaten the "barker," and when you had passed through the side-door and found yourself out in the cold, unsympathetic air of the outside street, you had the added satisfaction of knowing that you had been fooled again. But as that was what you had gone to Coney for, you returned to town in high good humor. Nowadays the shows are ordered differently. They are actually planned for sane people who want to sit in agreeable surroundings and see something new and diverting. There are so many good shows that there isn't space here even to glance at them. One of the best is the imitation fire in a city street, with a real city fire department to put out the blaze and real people to jump into the fire-nets from sixth-story windows.

#### The Fire Show

At this show the audience sits on one side of what appears to be a city square in lower New York. The square is life size, or looks to be so, and is lined on three sides with shops and tenements and the hotel that presently burns. A trolley car runs back and forth across the square, there are pushcart men, and a hurdy-gurdy with dancing children, a lighted barroom, a chop suey restaurant, night-hawk cabbies driving here and there, a procession or two, and a lot of street types doing all

sorts of typical and effectively arranged things with so much spirit and comic effect that the ensemble reminds one in the most extraordinary way not so much of New York as of the crowded comic action of one of Hogarth's drawings of London streets. Finally a glow of light shows through the window of the hotel; the porter runs out and turns in the alarm, and from the two engine houses on either side you can see the firemen sliding down the brass poles and buckling the harness.

#### Real Fire and Real Fire Engines

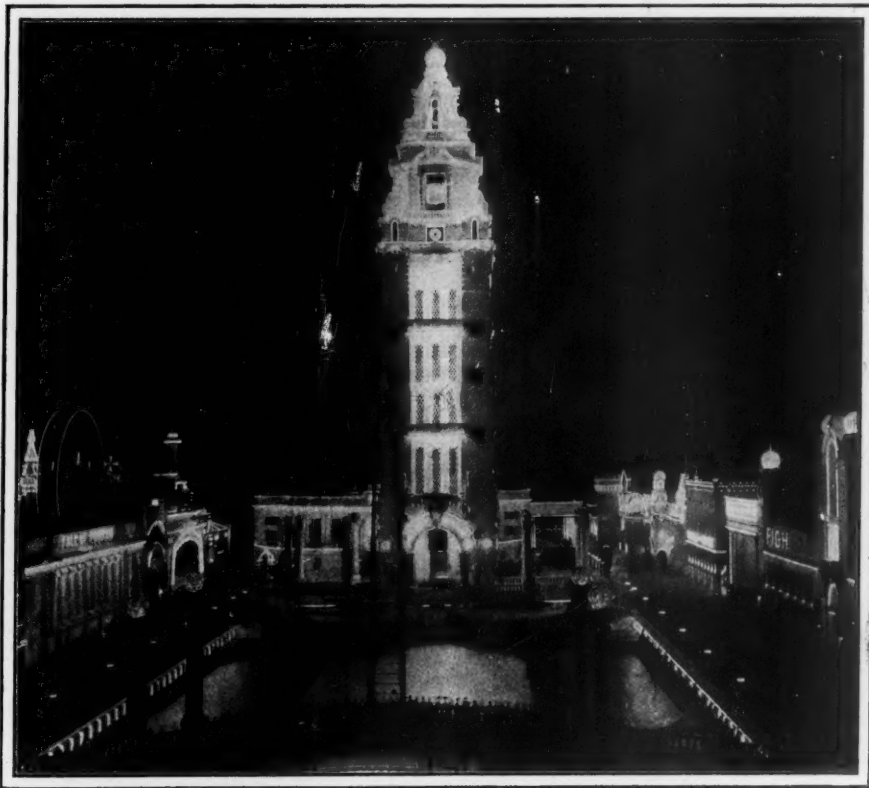
Out of the houses the horses leap at full gallop, the engines whistling as they come; there are shouts and cries and people at the windows of the hotel, wringing their hands and begging for help. The fire gets worse and worse, an aerial ladder and water tower come galloping up from a side street, the firemen scramble up the burning building with scaling ladders, and presently the battalion chief comes on the dead run, his bell clanging just as it clangs in real life. There are explosions; the whole square is alight with

the flames and filled with the shrill whistling and throbbing of the engines. At last a fire-net is spread and the folks in the upper windows jump for their lives. They do it so well that nothing looks easier than landing right side up in a fire-net. You think of the subtly-phrased sign at the other end of the Island: "Safest Family Fire Escape. Show Your Courage in Case of Fire," and wonder why net-jumping isn't introduced in the bump-the-bump class of amusements. At any rate, all of them are saved, the last one from the roof with a searchlight turned on him, and with the hose-pipes and water still playing, and before the flames have died down the long curtains are drawn across the square. It is an extraordinarily realistic show, well worked out.

Although the new Coney has come, the old Coney has, of course, not yet quite gone. Some of its streets are still left, with their tumble-down music halls and squealing merry-go-rounds, their fried clams and frankfurters, and strong-men machines and shooting galleries, but the "barkers" don't bark as they used to bark, and things don't seem the same. When the last boat starts up the bay, people gaze at the sparkling walls and festoons and strings of lamps, and at the great tower of light that dominates the new Coney shining out against the night. "It's really beautiful, isn't it?" they say, with a quaint, almost reluctant, credulity, and you can see them examining the tower and talking about its "lines."

#### The New Era

I often wonder what the ghosts of the old "barkers" and the Chimmies and Mamies who used to gather in the dark corners of the old steamboats ten years ago, in the days when "After the Ball" was new, and the organs played "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town," would think could they float down the bay again one of these summer nights. You can imagine them staring blankly at the fairy city of lights and blazing towers, you can see them landing at the boat pier and walking furtively through the vast glittering ballroom, scurrying through the dazzling streets and across the Venetian bridges, and at last escaping through a turnstile to some dark and distant corner of the Island, where a lone "barker" croaks rancorously the charms of some deserted show. You can see them shrinking closer to each other and further into the shadow, and Mamie whispers, "Say! Chimmie! What'er we up ag'inst?" "Search me," says Chimmie, "I guess we don't belong."



THE ILLUMINATION OF DREAMLAND'S TOWER AT NIGHT

# DE PLEHVE'S LAST INTERVIEW

*A Conversation with the Russian Minister of the Interior, held a few days before his Assassination*

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN, Collier's War Correspondent in St. Petersburg

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ST. PETERSBURG, July 31

**N** IHIISM knows no law and no order. It strives to produce rebellion and substitute chaos for government. Its disciples are comparatively few in number, belong to the criminal class, and are consequently subject to police surveillance. There is no fear for Russia from this source."

The man who spoke so convincingly was his Excellency Monsieur Wiatcheslaff Konstantinowitch de Plehve, Minister of the Interior of the Empire of Russia, in the last interview which he was destined to give. "Of course," added the Minister, "it is practically impossible to prevent isolated crimes, but a general movement—no, that can not occur."

A few days later, and Monsieur de Plehve was destroyed by a bomb.

The first time I saw Monsieur de Plehve was in the Bureau of Censorship in the Ministry of the Interior. I was walking rapidly down the corridor, when I noticed three gentlemen, one of whom was the Censor, grouped near an open door, discussing in Russian something of apparent importance. There was nothing to indicate that they enjoyed high official rank; no effort was made to stop me from passing them.

## *De Plehve was Thorough*

Without paying any attention to them, I entered the waiting-room, gave my card to a messenger, and began to talk to two French correspondents, who also desired to see the Censor. Soon the group I had noticed advanced toward the waiting-room. A portly man, above medium height, with gray hair and a heavy white mustache, took the lead and entered. He examined the apartment quickly, but thoroughly. When he had finished, he turned to the two French correspondents, bowed, and shook hands with them. Then he gave his hand to me, bowed once more, and retired.

"Who was that?" I asked curiously of the Censor, who had witnessed this little ceremony. "Didn't you recognize the Minister of the Interior?" he replied in a tone of surprise. "He is inspecting every office in his department." "Do you mean to say," I exclaimed, "that the Minister goes into such small detail? I never knew it to be done by an American Cabinet Minister, at least with such care." "Monsieur de Plehve," I was answered, "makes it his business to keep in touch with every branch of his big department. That is one of the secrets of his success. He is thorough."

A few days later I was walking along the Nevsky Prospect with a friend who is an employee of the Red Cross Society and of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a dual position which is only possible in Russia. "There is not much chance for educated young men in this country," he was saying. "Only the official career gives any promise of satisfactory reward, and a few, a comparative few, I mean, succeed in embarking upon it. The unsuccessful ones, lacking employment, unable to earn as much as one of those mujiks selling cucumbers, naturally become imbued with anti-Government ideas and agitate for a Constitution. They form one of the problems with which Monsieur de Plehve has to deal. He is treating it as he does every other problem containing germs of revolution—stamping out discontent unhesitatingly, thoroughly, on the principle that a hot iron is the best remedy for hydrophobia. He acts boldly, without a thought of personal consequences, and yet he has everything to fear. Do you know that he is always carefully guarded, that when he leaves his house to enter his carriage a policeman forbids passers-by to approach near him? And when he drives he goes rapidly, so that it will be difficult to strike him with a bullet." At this moment, the centre of the street cleared as if by magic. "Some dignitary is coming," he exclaimed. A closed carriage, drawn by two black horses, moving at a sharp trot, dashed by. A second time I saw the strong face of the Minister of the Interior.

## *The Dark Counselor*

These passing glimpses I had gotten of the most powerful man in Russia increased my desire to talk with him, to attempt to fathom for myself the depth of the striking personality which exercised such potent influence in the affairs of the immense Empire of Russia. I knew, of course, that the English people deemed him the "darkest counselor" of the Czar, that the revolutionary elements of the Russian State feared him and hated him because of his merciless



WIATCHESLAFF KONSTANTINOWITCH DE PLEHVE

treatment of those who fell into his police net, and that the Emperor esteemed him as a patriot who was absolutely incorruptible, and who worked unceasingly and heartily to uphold the autocracy and to improve the condition of the Russian people. Seeking a friend in the Interior Department, I requested him to ask Monsieur de Plehve to see me. He went to the telephone, and called up the Minister's house. "His Excellency will see you," he announced, when he had finished his conversation. "on Sunday, at 10:30 in the morning." "The Minister," he suggested, "likes his callers to be prompt. And I ought to add that it is etiquette here to call upon a Minister in evening clothes only."

## *Received by the Minister*

Properly dressed, I drove on the appointed day to the Minister's summer residence, a charming little cottage overlooking one of the numerous branches of the Neva River. A police officer was standing a hundred yards from the house, and three sturdy butlers, in conventional costume, were in the reception hall. One of them took my card to the Minister, and, returning, requested

me to follow him. We passed through a couple of ante-rooms, and then my guide, pushing open a padded door, bade me pass on. Simultaneous with my entrance, the figure, that was bending over the desk in one corner, rose, and came toward me. "I am always glad to meet Americans," Monsieur de Plehve said cordially, speaking French slowly and clearly. "The friendship of our countries is historic. I hope nothing will ever occur to lessen it."

The Minister conducted me toward a small wooden table, placed against the back of his writing table, and requested me to be seated, himself taking another chair directly opposite. No one else was in the room, he had absolutely nothing with which to defend himself had I been murderously inclined. He wasted no time in trivialities, but caused me to plunge directly into the business of the call by asking what I desired to know. "Everything you can tell me about Russia, and Russia and the war," I said.

## *Russia and the United States*

This was a modest request, and the Minister smiled. "Before I begin on such an exhaustive work," he said, "let me ask you a question. What is the attitude of the United States toward Russia at this time? Officially, I know it is correct. But the people, what is their view?" I told him I thought the sympathy generally favored Japan. "I had thought so from your newspapers," he responded, "and I can not understand the reason. We have always been friends, and we have proven our friendship. Moreover, Americans are a business people. They must know that Russia is not a manufacturing State, that Russia is and will be in need of the products of their energy. Japan, on the other hand, is a manufacturing nation, which is able to deliver its output, practically without cost, in China, while American goods, to reach that market, must pay a heavy freight bill. Japan's development is therefore antagonistic to American commercial interests."

While the Minister was talking, I had an opportunity to study his physiognomy. It had all the characteristics of a great man—a firm chin, a generous mouth, the teeth somewhat separated, shaded by a pure white mustache, a large nose, a high forehead, and deep-set eyes. To me the eyes were the most prominent feature—not large, but compelling, telling nothing, but divining much, a yellowish brown that reminded me somehow of the color of a lion. In appearance he was the antithesis of the Torquemada, as he has been described. The Minister's elbows rested upon the table, and his hands gripped the sides with a strength that showed the tenacity of the man.

"The press of America is a powerful institution, and I am convinced that when all the facts have become public it will look at Russia through different spectacles. Neither the Emperor nor the people wanted war with Japan. We desired only an open port on the Pacific and safe communication with it, and peace instead of disorder among our neighbors. Manchuria had been in a state of disorder which menaced foreign life and property, and the interests of the world in general and our own special interests demanded that we should step in and restore tranquillity. The United States was moved by the same reasons to intervene in Cuba. We

established order, and we were gradually restoring Chinese administration when the war came upon us. For the war Japan had made every preparation, while we had gone on believing her protestations of desire to peacefully settle the questions in dispute."

"Mr. Minister," I interrupted, "what was your attitude with respect to the war?"

## *The War with Japan*

"In the Imperial Government, the will of the Sovereign is supreme, and his advisers have no right to make a decision save with his approval. I had nothing to do with the Manchurian negotiations. That was a matter which concerned the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of War, and the Minister of the Navy. My department is confined to internal questions. It might have been better had Manchuria been placed under the Interior Department instead of under a Viceroy, but this the Emperor did not desire, and it is not the business of a Minister to contradict his ruler."

"But did you not give advice when war seemed impending?"

"My advice was always on the side of peace. Russia had no appetite for the annexation of Manchuria. We have plenty of space in Siberia which requires development. I recognized,



The Ismailovsky Prospect, in front of the Hotel de Varsovie, where M. de Plehve was assassinated July 28. The photograph was taken one hour after the bomb was thrown, and shows the wreckage of the Minister's carriage lying in the street



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moreover, that if we took Manchuria it would mean the incorporation of 25,000,000 Chinese into our Empire. It would be difficult to keep them within their present borders, and they would come into competition with our people in Siberia. The latter could not stand it; the Chinese are too shrewd. So we made concession after concession, but Japan was bent upon war, and we could not conciliate her without a stain upon our honor. Seeing Japan determined upon war, I counseled preparations, both military and naval, in order that we might be in condition to defend our interests.

"You have no fear as to the result of the war?"  
"Certainly not. We have had minor reverses because of the inadequacy of our preparation and the preparedness of Japan. When General Kuropatkin shall have under his command the troops for which he has asked, all this will be changed. Russia is like a huge wheel; it takes some time to get it ready to move, but when it rolls, it does so steadily, heavily, crushing everything in its path. Why should we not be victorious? We have men, millions of them. We can lose a million, and still send another million to gain the victory. And I tell you, we will win. Russia will never accept defeat."

"And what will you do about Manchuria?"  
"Before the war that problem was very clear. As I have said, we did not want Manchuria and were arranging for the restoration of Chinese administration. Now it is very greatly befogged. No one can say what we will do or will not do, but it is clear that we must once and for all establish free and safe communication with Port Arthur and Dairen, and prevent Japan from ever again seeking to establish herself on the mainland. Russia is fighting for herself, it is true, but she is fighting for the White Race and for Christianity as well."

## Concerning the Russian Jews

It was now Monsieur de Plehve's turn to ask a question. "Are there many Jews in the United States?" he asked. I gave him a picture of the Little Ghetto in New York, and described the general condition of the Jews in the country. "The Jew is one of our great problems," he said. "There are six millions of them in a narrow zone lying on our European frontier. The world knows that the Jew is not an agriculturist. Those who are subjects of the Emperor are no exceptions to this rule. It has been our experience that a Jew living near a Russian village will soon have every crop in pawn. It is his aim to get every man in his debt, and this he does usually by opening a vodka shop and selling the spirits on credit to the peasant. For every ruble of debt he charges a usurious rate of interest. Within a few years the peasants find that the Jew is their master, and he is a hard master. Disturbances sometimes occur in consequence, but the Government immediately suppresses them, and extends equal protection to the Jew and to the Russian. I think you will understand from this explanation why the Government has not given the Jew the right of unlimited residence throughout the country. It is a fact that such residence can be obtained by Jews, and there are thousands living to-day in St. Petersburg. Only a few weeks ago, the Emperor saw fit, on my recommendation, to approve a law permitting the Jews to live anywhere within thirty-five miles of the frontier. Because of the smuggling propensities of these people it was found necessary some years ago to forbid such residence save to those of their descendants who had been residents of the district before 1857. This law gave too much power into the hands of minor police officials who might abuse it in their personal interest. Now this law has been repealed, and the Jews can live where they please within this zone. I have other reforms to propose to the Emperor, which will, I believe, ameliorate the condition of his Jewish subjects."

"Do you still favor the emigration of the Jews?"  
"The Jews are a people without a country. I wrote to the Jewish Congress at Basle agreeing to facilitate the return of people of this race to Palestine. I fear this project will fail, because, as we know, the Jew as an agriculturist is a failure, and he shines only in trade. The Emperor is deeply interested in the welfare of the Jews, as he is interested in the welfare of all his subjects. His aim is the education and development of the Jews in order that they shall be assimilated with the rest of our vast population, and give loyal allegiance to the throne. At present, the Jews

furnish some of the recruits for the Nihilist ranks."

I said to the Minister that I had visited Helsingfors at the time of the assassination of Governor-General Bobrikoff. "That was a terrible crime," he said, "and there was absolutely no excuse for it. It is true that I did not always approve, for he was a man with an iron hand. But the situation demanded a man such as he was. The Swedes, who are at the bottom of the agitation, were seeking the separation of Finland from Russia. They have employed the most underhanded methods to effect this result. General Bobrikoff properly took measures to prevent the success of their rebellious movements. The policy of the Emperor has sought the unification of Finland and Russia."

## Bobrikoff and Finland

"I mitigated to a considerable extent the harshness of General Bobrikoff's administration, and paid particular attention to the national interests of the Finns, keeping in mind their peculiar situation and their characteristics. I have maintained freedom of university training in Finland. In the local legal and administrative proceedings the use of the local languages, Finnish and Swedish, has been retained. All that I have required is that the higher State institutions shall have a knowledge of the Russian official language, and that it shall have equal rights with the others in the lower institutions. The Russian language is a symbol of the unity of the Empire. I am a great admirer of the Finnish character—the true Finns are such a sturdy, honest people. I did not favor the enrolment of Finns in Russian regiments, though I recognized the inadvisability of permitting the agitators in the Grand Duchy to have a force of 12,000 men within their reach with which they might seek to tamper. I have given a great deal of thought to the Finnish question, and I have consistently endeavored to meet the wishes of the majority of the population. The policy of Russia will be to conserve Finnish autonomy while at the same time aiming to effect closer relations between the Grand Duchy and the sovereign State."

"Throughout Russia there is order and tranquility. I read foreign newspapers, and I find descriptions of revolts which have never occurred. It is not generally understood abroad how democratic we are. The millions of peasants that we have should certainly be considered democratic. The peasants and the shopkeepers have self-government in matters relating to their respective administrative districts. The Emperor appoints a Governor, just as the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoints a Governor of a Territory. But like the people of that Territory our peasants elect assemblies which collect local taxes and authorize all local expenditures. We have indirect taxation, most of which is in the shape of customs dues. Nearly all the direct taxes, such as imposts and land taxes, are used for local improvements—administration, education, roads, etc. As I have said, the people, subject, of course, to the Imperial sanction, determine how expenditure shall be made."

## The Socialists and the Nihilists

"What are the classes in Russia which are dissatisfied with existing governmental conditions?"  
"We have liberals who are dissatisfied with some of the features of the Government, and who do not go beyond criticism. They are not revolutionists, and most of them are loyal subjects of the throne. Then we have what I should call socialistic democrats, who object to the principle of autocracy, and who are supporters of some abstract theory. They should not be confounded with Nihilists, because they believe in something; the Nihilists believe in nothing. The latter are known to a considerable extent to the police, and I anticipate no trouble from them or from the socialist democrats."

At this moment I glanced at the clock and found that I had taken up an hour of the Minister's time. When I thanked him for his frankness, he responded:

"It is nothing. I would give a great deal for the maintenance of friendly relations with the great American Republic. I hope you will correct some false impressions which exist concerning the policy of my Emperor and of my country. All that is necessary to accomplish this is to tell the truth, and that is what the American people want."

## NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

will contain an article of striking interest and timeliness, being

AN INTERVIEW WITH  
ADMIRAL TOGO

on board his flagship the *Mikasa* at the secret rendezvous of the Japanese war fleet near Port Arthur. This interview was obtained for COLLIER'S by Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, our correspondent on board the steamship *Manchu Maru*, which visited the Japanese fleet in the latter part of July. Mr. Bartlett notified us by cable that he had obtained an interview with Admiral Togo, and was forwarding it by post. Unless there should be some unforeseen delay in the transmission of the mails, the article should reach this office in time for publication next week. It will be illustrated with photographs.

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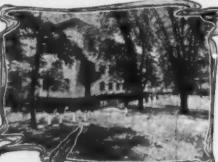
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## GOOD READING FOR SUMMER DAYS

By FREDERIC TABER COOPER

## In Old Jamaica

JOSEPH CONRAD's latest volume, "Romance" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is one of those stories that he sometimes writes in collaboration with his friend and neighbor, Ford M. Hueffer. It would be interesting to know just which portion of it Mr. Hueffer is responsible for—here and there we come upon a chapter or an episode which seems to lack the characteristic quality of the author of "Youth" and "Almayer's Folly." Yet, taken as a whole, the flavor is unmistakably, imitatively, that of Conrad. No other living author has the trick of making you see, between the printed lines, such an endless vista of vague, ominous, unspoken things—dangers, horrors, writhing tortured forms, seen dimly through a mist of words. "Romance" is in a certain sense a historical novel. It deals with the West Indies of a century ago, and from the moment that we set foot in the queer old warehouse in Jamaica, with its blending of many smells, tarred rope and crude molasses, coffee and spices, we are living in a fantastic realm of mad adventures—heaving seas, sinking ships, nightmare visions of pirates bold and dying prisoners—and, what is more, we are accepting it all with the simple credulity that years ago we gave to the flashy, yellow-covered stories that thrilled our boyhood.

## A Tale of the Klondike

MORE than one writer has been lured by the glittering promise of the Klondike as a background into "breaking trail" into this new field for fiction; and, curiously enough, the most successful of them all is a woman, Elizabeth Robins. "The Magnetic North" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) possesses all the clear-sighted understanding of Jack London's stories, and it has besides something which the author of "The Son of the Wolf" can never give—the touch of human sympathy. Mr. London's Klondike is unmistakably real, so far as it goes; he makes you feel the grimness of it all, the darkness and loneliness and numbing cold; the stinging lash of driving sleet, the loss of dignity and manhood and even decency, during the isolation of a Northern winter. Elizabeth Robins draws a softer picture; she shows us a party of adventurers, overtaken by winter, many hundreds of miles south of their destination; she takes us through that winter with them, in their snug log cabin beside the Yukon. It is on the highway of winter travel, and though the nearest settlement is a Jesuit mission, forty miles away, she shows us a continual coming and going of strangers, priests, belated miners, needy and starving Indians, that make the wilderness seem almost populous, despite its expanse of unbroken snow. She has not attempted to idealize the Klondike; the picture is realistic almost to grimness. But she has known how to humanize it without crossing the boundary line between sympathy and sentimentality.

## An Epic of the South

ONE of the best Southern stories yet written, dealing with the Reconstruction period, is "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Page & Co.). It has something of an epic quality about it, inasmuch that it makes you see, behind the central story, a widening background of Southern life fields, and plantations crippled and impoverished by the war. Had the central theme been somewhat less dominant, and the background more carefully filled in, this would easily have ranked among the half-dozen strongest books of the year. Even as it is, there is one feature of it that fairly haunts your memory. Every one who has once read it remembers Daudet's "Siege of Berlin." It tells of an old man, a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, who during the Franco-Prussian War is too feeble, too ill, to be told the truth. So day by day, while the cannon that he is too deaf to hear are thundering outside the walls of Paris, his family concoct a fairy tale of the repeated success of the French armies, until they finally make the old man believe that Berlin itself has capitulated. Miss Glasgow has hit upon a similar device for making us feel the contrast between the old South and the new. She shows us a proud old Southern lady, stricken blind and helpless during the war, and surviving, a paralyzed wreck, in a wretched little negro cabin in a swamp on her former plantation. She, however, knows nothing of the change. In fancy she is still mistress of her hundred slaves; in fancy she is still citizen of a proud and triumphant Confederacy, and every day she listens eagerly to the imaginary history, that a patient son and daughter concoct for her, of a long line of successors to Jefferson Davis, and the growing importance of a new American republic that has taken a proud place among the nations.

## Wholesome Americanism

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ground for himself. There are fifty things we want to know about his men and women which he omits to tell us. But so far as he does describe them, they are genuinely, thoroughly, refreshingly American—people for the most part whom you feel it would be a pleasure to know personally. There is a whole group of such people in "The Cost" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), honest, prosperous whole-souled folk, who would be well worth adding to our permanent acquaintances in fiction if only they had been drawn a little less vaguely. The story of "The Cost" is the price that a girl pays for the mistake of a hasty marriage. It is the outcome of a schoolday attachment, regarded by the parents first with amusement and then with growing satisfaction, until at the close of the young man's college course they learn that he has sown a formidable crop of rankly luxurious wild oats. Just what moral Mr. Phillips intended to point it is hard to say; perhaps he was pointing no moral at all. But the real significance of the book would seem to lie in a single paragraph. It is the fashion, Mr. Phillips points out, to assume on the part of the modern American girl a theoretical knowledge of good and evil which as a matter of fact she does not possess. In "The Cost" the girl's father makes this mistake: He tells her of the young man's misdeeds, but in such carefully veiled and euphemistic terms that the poor girl is no wiser than before; and feeling that her parents are quite unreasonable, she rushes into a secret marriage. The subsequent story deals with her lifelong payment of the cost, when later on she meets another man who really possesses all the qualities that she has mistakenly attributed to her husband.

### At the Time of Mohammed

AS EVERY Orientalist knows, the one serious gap in the rich and comprehensive literature of India lies in the field of history. Poetry and drama, science, medicine and law are all represented; but to the Brahmin, reared in the doctrine of transmigration, the brief span of human life, considered as a single link in the chain of a thousand births, seemed too trivial to chronicle. Accordingly, the annals of India are known only vaguely, from the rare occasions when her people came in contact with outside civilization—an invasion of Mohammedans, a chance visit of a Chinese Buddhist. It would seem as though here, at last, was a country destined to escape the omnivorous greed of the historical novelist; but Margaret Horton Potter has decided otherwise. In "The Flame Gatherers" (Macmillan), she has painted, with a flamboyant coloring suggestive of poster art, her idea of medieval India at the time of the Mohammedan invasion. A careful reading of Max Müller, and the "Sakuntala" and "The Light of Asia," with a lavish stage setting of sunshine and palm trees and tinkly temple bells, has supplied the author with an abundance of highly tinted local color, and her own lively imagination has done the rest. The story is divided into two parts. The first part chronicles the illicit love between the favorite wife of a powerful Rajah and a Persian slave, the Rajah's cup-bearer. A brief period of guilty happiness ends with a tragic death; and the two sinful souls, summoned to the judgment-seat, are condemned at their next birth to inhabit a single human body, that of the child of a high-caste Brahmin priest. It is an audacious theme, handled with such dexterous skill of phrase that one does not for some time grasp the entire significance of this abnormal being—this strange dual nature, doomed by all the religious creeds of India to be a lifelong outcast. Indeed, the author has not dared to put her thought into plain Anglo-Saxon words, but in order that the curious-minded reader may seek enlightenment she refers him to "The Sacred Books of the East," citing chapter and verse. It is an unsavory story, worked into a gorgeous tapestry of words, suggesting nothing so much as an Oriental prayer rug, with all its hidden symbolism. You look twice before the newness of the coloring reminds you that the rug is a modern imitation, and of American manufacture.

### A Book for the Angler

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER has dedicated his "Romance of Piscator" (Holt & Company) to "every one who has hearkened to the siren song of the reel." He might well have made his dedication even broader, since it is a book which must win favor with all who have in them a love of nature and a spirit of poetry and of romance. Mr. Lanier is one of the fortunate few who succeed in weaving a thread of idealism into the sober facts of life. The warp of his story is realistic, but the woof has many a gossamer, shimmering thread, such as dreams are made of. His hero, Piscator, is an ardent fisherman, who from early boyhood has practiced the gentle art of Izaak Walton in every available stream and pool, from Canada to Virginia. But suddenly he meets his destiny. The Peri, for whom he has unconsciously been waiting for thirty years, suddenly appears before him; and from that moment the joy of angling wanes. Here is a new and more attractive quarry, wary and elusive as the daintiest of his finny prey. From Maine to Newfoundland, from the St. Lawrence to Long Island Sound, he follows his will-o'-the-wisp lady, with all the tireless energy, the skill and the caution of the horn angler—and the whole little romance is told so daintily, and with such whimsical humor, that it is a question which part of the book has the greater charm, that in which Mr. Lanier writes of the joys of fishing, or that in which he describes a more tender sentiment. At all events, the book is a really charming idyl of summer time, blithe, genuine, and spontaneous. Would that there were more like it.

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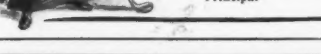
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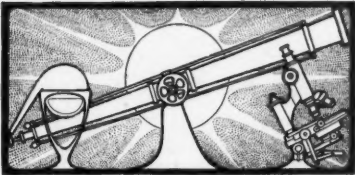
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## The Vindication of Phoebe

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THIS is an astronomical romance. Its heroine is only a moon, but she gains interest from the character of her master, the planet Saturn. Saturn is a kind of Grand Turk among the planets. The immense size of his family gives him the aspect of an Oriental despot. He has no less than nine moons, counting Phoebe as the ninth and youngest member of the circle, but this enumeration takes account only of his principal moons, which are like queens of the harem among the unnamed billions of satellite slaves that mingle their rays indistinguishably, with all hope of individual recognition lost, to form his beautiful rings. This state of affairs in the Saturnian system is in striking contrast with the simple monogamous condition of the earth, content with its single faithful moon which, apparently, need never fear a rival.

But, for the story of Phoebe. Her annals are brief and clouded, but the clouds are now clearing off. In 1899 Professor William H. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory found on his photographic plates, where Saturn, making his stately progress surrounded by his multitude of attendants, a *le Grand Seigneur*, was represented in many successive positions, a delicate image, unperceived before among the followers of the great planetary mogul, but showing unmistakable indications of subjection to their common master. This faint object, hanging timidly on the outskirts of the caravan, was Phoebe, although at that time, of course, she had no name.

Comparison of a large number of plates, all showing the image of the retiring little stranger, convinced Professor Pickering that it must be a satellite of Saturn, and accordingly its discovery was announced, and a little later Phoebe was astronomically christened.

### Scepticism of the Astronomers

But hers was not the fortune of some great new planets like Uranus and Neptune, immortalizing their discoverers and filling books with their fame. On the contrary, from the beginning Phoebe was generally rejected. Many astronomers, as politely as possible, declined to believe in her existence. They could not see her—that was confessed. She was beyond the reach of telescopes; only the singular power of photography to picture celestial things invisible to direct vision had been able to reveal her. Yet Professor Pickering felt sure of his ground. The shifting positions of the image on the plates, never departing beyond a certain distance from Saturn, were convincing evidence, and from them the orbit of the new satellite could be deduced. Approximate elements of the orbit were calculated, and Phoebe was found to be by far the most remote member of Saturn's system, her path lying at a mean distance of nearly eight million miles from the centre of the planet, and her period, or the time required for her to make a single circuit around her master, being about a year and a half.

Still, notwithstanding the great interest awakened by the original announcement of the discovery of Phoebe, and notwithstanding Professor Pickering's continued confidence in his results, the opinion gradually spread that the case was very doubtful, until at last it practically ceased to be discussed, and if Phoebe was referred to at all it was generally in such phrases as: "The alleged ninth satellite of Saturn," or "Pickering's supposed moon." The astronomer is the most rigid of judges when the light is dim.

But at length vindication has come. Early in July of this year Professor E. C. Pickering, the director of the Harvard Observatory, sent out to astronomers a bulletin in which not only was the existence of Phoebe reaffirmed upon fresh evidence, but the places which she would occupy on certain dates in the near future were pointed out, so that anybody who had the instrumental means and the desire to do so could follow her motions for himself. Nothing is more convincing than the power of successful prediction.

With the aid of a long series of photographs made at the Arequipa Observatory in the Peruvian Andes the actual path of Phoebe has been traced from April 16 to June 9, 1903, and a new and more correct ephemeris of her orbit calculated.

### Phoebe is Somewhat Distant

Accepting Phoebe, as it now seems certain that we ought to do, as an actual satellite of Saturn, the very interesting question arises: "Whence did she come—is she a captive, or an original member of the family of the ringed planet?"

It is to be noted that her distance from Saturn is relatively very large—nearly eight million miles. The most remote of the eight formerly known satellites of Saturn, Iapetus, is 2,225,000 miles away, and the nearest of them, Mimas, is only 117,000 miles from the great planet's centre, or less than half the mean distance of our moon from the earth. Being so distant, Phoebe requires about eighteen months to make the journey around her orbit, while Mimas takes only twenty-two and a half hours, and Iapetus seventy-nine and a half days. Thus it is evident that Phoebe's relations to Saturn are, in one sense, less intimate than those of any other of his satellites.

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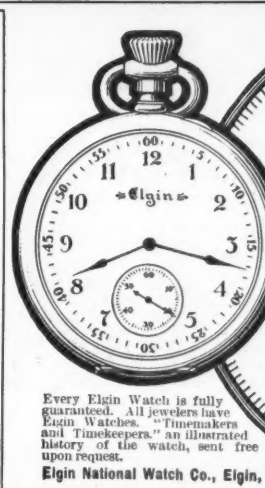
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away from him without some interference far more powerful than any that the present constitution of the Solar System would admit of. Owing to his comparatively great mass, and his distance from the sun, Saturn governs a vast extent of surrounding space. Mathematical calculations have shown that our globe could not permanently retain a moon at a greater distance from its centre than 620,000 miles, while the giant force of Saturn would enable it to master a satellite more than three times as remote as Phoebe, or in round numbers 27,000,000 miles from his centre.

This breadth of Saturn's empire suggests that Phoebe may really be a captive moon. There can be little doubt that our moon was born from the earth, and that many of the other moons in the Solar System, such as the four principal satellites of Jupiter, and the immense multitude of little bodies constituting Saturn's rings, have had a common origin with the planets around which they revolve, but with Phoebe the case may be different. It has been suggested that the two little moons of Mars and the fifth satellite of Jupiter may be captured asteroids, or comets, turned into moons, and this suggestion would appear to be particularly appropriate for a body like the new satellite of Saturn. But only a long series of careful observations can settle the question. In the meantime the claim of Phoebe to recognition as a regular member of our great system of worlds and moons, a true subject of the sun, though submitted to the immediate dominion of his vassal Saturn, seems to have been established beyond dispute.



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**Dr. Graves Tooth Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.**

### The Discovery of the Ant

A considerable amount of cotton is grown by the natives in the interior of Guatemala, and an agent of the United States Department of Agriculture who was on duty in Alta Vera Paz noted with surprise that the plant flourished in spite of the boll weevils which he found to be quite plentiful thereabout. The ignorant and superstitious Indian farmers would throw little or no light on the matter, but it soon developed that they looked on a certain family of ants as their protectors. They made no effort to raise cotton unless these insects were present in force, for they knew that otherwise their crops would be destroyed by the weevils. They called the ants "keleps," or "helpers," and ascribed to them a supernatural power over pests and disasters of all kinds. Further investigations on the part of the agent showed that the virtue of the ants lay in their ability to kill the weevils, which are incased in hard shells, and thus rendered invulnerable to the attacks of most other insects. The ants did not go out of their way to find the weevils, the agent discovered, but made short work of every one they encountered. Their mode of attack was simple. With their strong front legs they seized their victims around the body near the thorax, then, prying open with their mandibles the joint between the thorax and the abdomen, exposed a vital spot into which they plunged their stings, and the thing was done. The poison of the sting seemed to take immediate effect, causing first the paralysis and then the death of the weevils, the dead bodies of which were forthwith eaten or dragged away to the ants' nests.

### The First Importation

A report of these facts to the Department of Agriculture resulted in the agent being instructed to collect and take to the weevil-infested fields of Texas as many of the ants as he could conveniently carry. In following these orders he secured eighty-nine wide-mouthed bottles, ranging in size from three-eighths of a quart to a quart. The bottoms of these were covered with pebbles, and then cores of the ants' nests were dug up and placed over the pebbles. On top of each nest was put enough loose clay to make the jar a little more than half full. The ants had demonstrated their aversion to strong light, thus showing a decided similarity to the

### AS EASY

#### Needs Only a Little Thinking

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four year old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid."

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet in Grape-Nuts is the Nature-sweet known as Post Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but predigested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when Nature demands sweet and prompts them to call for sugar.

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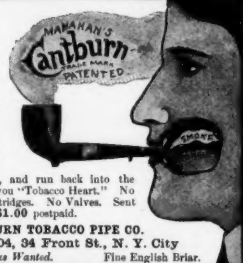
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termites, or white ants, and, as a concession to this peculiarity, each jar was inclosed in a thick paper wrapper. The mouths were closed with cloths which permitted a more or less free circulation of air, but prevented the egress of the insects, and in this shape an army of about 4,000 was transported to Texas.

The news of their coming preceded them, of course, and when the shipment reached Texas it was met with an injunction which had been secured by several cotton planters, on the ground that the new insect might prove to be a more dangerous enemy to plant life and to civilization generally than the weevil itself. The Department experts had convinced themselves that the ants were wholly carnivorous and not at all herbaceous, however, and the matter was finally adjusted in such a way as to permit the "planting" of the insects in the fields around the station which the Department maintains at Victoria, Texas, and from which the campaign against the weevil is being directed. Later several colonies were placed on farms in other parts of the State.

### The Ant Thrives in Texas

It was feared that many of the ants would die during the long journey from Guatemala, but, on the contrary, their number increased. A few succumbed to the confinement, and the unusual surroundings, but a great many more were brought into existence in the meantime. Moreover, the whole collection took to their new homes as if they had been accustomed to them all their lives. The earth in the Texas cotton fields is considerably harder than that of Guatemala, and there was some doubt as to the ability of the emmets to burrow into it. This was soon dispelled, however, as the first colony "planted" at Victoria penetrated to a depth of about fourteen inches during the first week.

The agent who brought the ants from Guatemala, Dr. O. F. Cook, could find them in only a very limited area in Alta Vera Paz, between Cajon and Sepacuite. Recently it was unofficially reported that the same insect exists in other parts of Central and South America, and that it does a great deal of damage to vegetation. The experiments conducted by the Department, however, have demonstrated that the kelep harm neither cotton nor any other form of plant life. They are very partial to the nectar which is to be found on the cotton weed, but in acquiring this they do not injure the leaves in the slightest. In fact, nature has provided them with no means for the mastication of leaves. Their mandibles are very strong, but are only adapted to the use to which they are put on other insects.

It is a remarkable fact that the ant shows no disposition to kill useful insects. It prefers the boll weevil to all other victims, but seems to get much satisfaction out of worsting common hillcock ants and other bugs which in one way or another are injurious, including the boll worm and similar soft larvae. At the same time, however, it displays not the slightest animosity toward insects which it seems to know intuitively are friendly to the human race, like itself.

The ant may be handled with impunity, its sting being too soft to penetrate human flesh or skin, even though the insect were evilly disposed.

The ant does not always eat the weevils as soon as they are killed. Every nest has a sort of storehouse.

### The Home of the Ant

The kelep, unlike many other big emmets, digs no large chambers or passageways to serve as pitfalls for man and beast. Its nest usually consists of from three to six chambers connected by quarter-inch tunnels, the whole extending from one to three feet underground. In one of the chambers there is always to be found the hard parts of the weevils and other insects which have been eaten. Heads, wings, and other uneatable parts are packed in indiscriminately and frequently serve as a place of residence for two or three varieties of infinitesimal animals, one of which is supposed to be a parasite of the ant.

The ant follows the example of the human residents of the tropical country whence it came by taking a siesta during the hot, bright part of the day, and working in the evening and early morning.

The discovery of the ant promises much, but at least two important points must be decided before its practical and general value can be made evident. It may not be able to hibernate in Texas, and it may not propagate with sufficient rapidity to do good in anything more than a very limited area. Months must necessarily elapse before the facts in these connections can be ascertained, and in the meantime the Department of Agriculture is advising farmers not to place too much reliance in the kelep, but to continue to wage all other known methods of warfare against the pest which cost the cotton planters of Texas nearly \$50,000,000 last year, according to statistics compiled by the Census Bureau.

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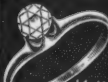


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Continue to sweep with the old fashioned corn broom, because of the mistaken belief that it is more economical than the carpet sweeper.

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will outlast fifty brooms, and then you will see its great economy. The very latest improved "Cyclo" Bissell costs but from \$2.50 to \$4.00, whereas fifty corn brooms cost from \$15.00 to \$20.00.

The foregoing is the saving of the Bissell in dollars and cents, but think of its more important saving and economy, in preserving your carpets, curtains, draperies, as well as your health and energies. No clouds of dust, no back aches, no sore hands, no distressed feelings, when you use the **Bissell**, and 66 per cent less effort.

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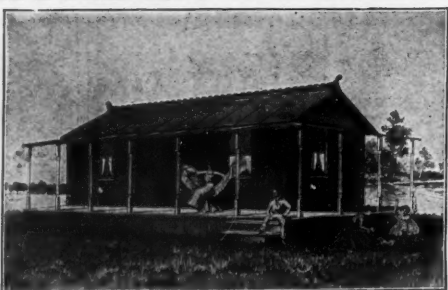
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## BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON

LITTLE STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

### The Boy at the Mill

**REPRESENTATIVE WADE** of Missouri tells a story to illustrate his views as to the time it will take to prosecute and abolish all the trusts of the country. A small boy he once knew went to a mill with a sack of grain. It was out on the prairie in Iowa. The boy became tired watching the slow turning of the stones, and, turning impatiently to the miller, asked:

"How long is this thing going to take? I am in a hurry."

"Oh," replied the miller, "this is as fast as it can go."

"Well," retorted the boy, "I can eat that flour faster than it is grinding there."

"You might," quoth the miller, "but how long could you keep it up?"

"I could keep it up," the boy answered, "until I starved to death."

### His Three Titles

**THE** way of a politician was illustrated by Senator Dietrich of Nebraska, who was asked by a friend in New York as to how he was getting along.

"Well," replied the Nebraskan, "the men whom I gave positions when I was Governor still call me Governor. Those whom I have helped since I was elected to the Senate call me Senator. The rest all call me 'That damn ingrate.' I guess I am doing as well as the average."

### A Matter of Geography

**REPRESENTATIVE HEATWOLE** of Minnesota was asked by a friend about a mutual acquaintance who lives in the Congressman's district.

"Is he rich?" was one query.

"Well, that depends on geography," said Mr. Heatwole. "Out at home we consider him very rich. He is worth about a million dollars. If he lived in New Jersey I suppose he would be thought fairly well-to-do, while if he lived in New York folks would be dropping dollars in his hat."

### He Got a Prisoner

**THE** soldier who knew no difference between "charge" and "retreat" is the theme of the latest tale of one of the solons of Congress. There was a raw recruit from the West who went into the army from one of the Western States in 1861. He was a big fellow who measured six feet and a half from sole to crown, and he left his corn plow in the field "because Lincoln wanted him to save the Union." He was put in the awkward squad and taught to keep step for a day. He went back to the colonel and said, "I didn't come down here to go hep, hep, under the trees; I came down to wipe out the rebels; I want to fight."

He kept complaining, and one day an order came to capture a battery out on the hill a few miles away. The recruit was put on the firing line. Through the grass and the green fields the men marched, and under the green trees where the birds sang, and up that hill in the face of death. Suddenly a great blazing fire of shot and canister came sweeping down into the little band, mowing them like grain before the sickle. Retreat was inevitable; the order was given, and the men dropped back down the hill. The recruit did not understand the order, but kept going straight ahead. Under the cover of smoke and

guarded by a Providence that seems sometimes to guard heroes on such occasions, he marched up behind a gun, grabbed the gunner and marched down the hill. Down in a little clump of trees the colonel was gathering the few men who were not lying dead on the hillside. Dismounted at the appearance of the recruit and his prisoner, the colonel called out:

"Where the dickens did you get that man?"

"I got him up on the top of the hill," came the reply, "and there is a god-darned lot more of 'em if you're a mind to go after 'em!"

### He had Good Reasons

**ADMIRAL DEWEY** tells of the case of an officer in the Navy who, after years in the service, proffered his resignation. The Navy Department was loath to accept the resignation, for the reason that the officer in question was almost invaluable by virtue of his expert knowledge pertaining to ordnance matters. Nevertheless, the resignation was accepted, although the officer gave no reason therefor except that he wished to engage in business for himself.

The Admiral and the retired officer happened to meet one day last winter, the former inquired of his friend the reason for his sudden quitting of the service after so many years spent therein. "I thought you were devoted to the Navy," said the Admiral.

"So I am," responded the other. "Aside from the smallness of the salary, there were four reasons for my resigning. I'm getting along finely now."

"Glad to hear it," said the Admiral; "but what were your four reasons for resigning?"

"A wife and three children," was the retired man's reply.

### The Desired Legal Procedure

**GOVERNOR CHARLES B. AYCOCK** of North Carolina, who was mentioned as a possible candidate for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket, illustrated a political point during a campaign speech by telling of a young chap who went to see a lawyer:

"There is a fellow making love to my wife," he said. "He takes her out riding, calls to see her when I am not at home as well as when I am there, sends her presents, writes letters to her, and pays no attention to me."

"Why don't your wife discourage him?" asked the lawyer.

"She seems to like the cuss," said the other. "She is always glad to see him, puts on her best clothes, and the other day I saw him a-kissing her. And she seemed to like it."

"You saw him kissing her and she didn't object?" said the lawyer. "Well, we can get you a divorce without any trouble."

"Thunder!" said the husband. "I don't want any divorce. I want an injunction."

### His Qualifying Adjective

**SENATOR DEPEW** tells how a Western Senator, who had not been in Washington long enough to become familiar with its social ways, was introduced to a foreign diplomat.

The diplomat, knowing that the Senate is the treaty-making power, was anxious to be friendly, and he was extremely gracious. He told the Senator that his name and fame had spread to Europe and said other pleasant things to him. Then he asked, "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

"Well, not very," replied the Senator.



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By CAROLYN WELLS

I wonder why I'm base and rude,  
And ugly-spoke and spiteful;  
When Lucy Prig's so dreadful good,  
Respecting and politeful.

I wonder why I'm full of sin,  
Fat, rosy-cheeked, and horrid;  
While Lucy Prig is nice and thin,  
And has a pale, high forehead.

I wonder why I am so vile,  
A sad and hopeless sinner;  
While Lucy Prig puts on such style,  
And sits up late to dinner.

Oh, well, I s'pose I'm awful bad,  
But this one notion strikes me  
And makes me feel a whole lot glad:  
'Most everybody likes me.





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New Blades inserted in a second. You have only to lather and shave. No matter how tender your face or how wiry your beard—no matter how nervous or unused to shaving you may be, in three minutes time your face will be as smooth as a baby's—your razor will shave in perfect comfort and without a scratch. Barber shops mean tedious waits and risk of infection. A Gillette Razor lasts for years. When you have used each of the edges until dull, return to us and we will give you six new blades in exchange at no cost to you. 19 additional blades \$1. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days trial.

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sell for \$2.50 to \$5.00 a dozen; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to \$1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them: a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH: a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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### NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Stone axe factories of prehistoric man found under the peat beds of County Antrim

MR. W. J. KNOWLES has discovered several places near Cushendall in County Antrim, Ireland, where the ancient inhabitants appear to have located factories for making stone implements. The rocks used were of several varieties, but the one most in favor was a very hard rock of bluish color which is not native to the region, and shows evidences of having been brought there as boulders by glacial action. Very likely these boulders came from Scotland, although a mineralogical examination of them failed to show their geological origin.

From these rocks the ancients chipped off flakes which were worked up into various implements, chiefly axes. Flakes in all stages of manufacture are found together with round hammer stones and others, which appear to have been chisels. The objects were first roughly blocked out, then chipped to something like their final form, and finally finished by grinding, very likely on sandstone at the neighboring outcrops. Mr. Knowles has found nearly eight hundred whole axes, complete save for the grinding and polishing, besides large numbers of broken axes, half-finished implements, and unworked flakes. All of these materials occur on the clay, or even mixed with it, below the peat beds, showing that the workers must have lived in the earliest part of the neolithic age.

The removal of the present tax on alcohol would make its use possible for motors


THERE is a very considerable demand for the removal of the excessive tax which is imposed in this country on alcohol used for commercial purposes. Aside from the large use of alcohol in chemical and technical processes, it is finding a place as an excellent fuel for motors. In the last competition of the German Agricultural Society a number of alcohol motors were entered, showing an efficiency of 30.9 to 32.7 per cent, which means that of the potential energy of the alcohol used over 30 per cent was converted into mechanical work. This amount is about 10 per cent higher than the efficiency of gasoline motors, so that, although the heat equivalent of alcohol is much lower than that of gasoline, yet its actual value is nearly as great. Consequently, if alcohol could be obtained at a slightly lower price than gasoline, its use as a fuel for automobiles, etc., would be certain, because of its many advantages in point of safety, odor, etc.

That ethyl alcohol can be produced at prices which would allow its use in motors is shown by the current price in Germany. In that country 90-95 per cent alcohol may be obtained at retail for about thirty-two cents per gallon, and in quantities of forty gallons the price is only about twenty cents. There is no apparent reason why we can not produce alcohol as cheaply in this country, where immense quantities of corn and potatoes may be so readily grown. Indirectly the alcohol industry would be of great benefit to the farmers in affording them a ready market for their product. The tax of \$2.08 per gallon on alcohol may be a wise measure in respect to the alcohol to be used in beverages, but the wisdom of its continuance on the product needed for other purposes is certainly open to question.

Experiments show that fish have a sense of hearing and are very sensitive to sound

EVERY fisherman is interested in the question of the sense of hearing in fishes. The observations which have been made by fishermen probably have considerable value; the books on fishing generally say that sounds, like talking, which produce no jarring of the water are not appreciated by fish, whereas stamping on the shores or bottom of a boat is readily noticed and responded to by them. The old story of the assembling of the trout in the fish ponds of one of the Austrian monasteries at the ringing of a bell is probably untrue.

Actual scientific investigation of the sense of hearing in fish has led to somewhat divergent views. Kreidl removed the ears from goldfish, and, finding the animals responsive to sounds, concluded that the skin is the organ of hearing in fish. Recent studies on the same species carried on at the Harvard Zoological Laboratory have shown that goldfish do respond to sounds when the sound waves are made to travel through the water. In these experiments a tuning-fork was made to vibrate on the wooden end of an aquarium, and the behavior of the fish noted. It was also shown by experiments in which the nerves to the skin and ears were made functionless that the organ of hearing is the ear and not the skin. A careful examination of Kreidl's experiments showed that when he supposed that he had removed the ear he had really only removed the organ for the perception of equilibrium, the true ear being left behind in the bony skeleton of the head. Other investigators studying the behavior of other fishes have found that most of them respond to sound stimuli, although the dogfish seems to be an exception. It may be, of course, that the dogfish hears but does not give any visible response.



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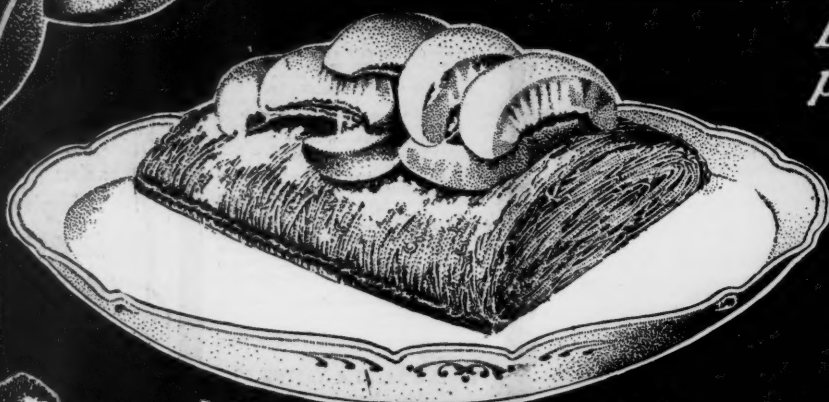
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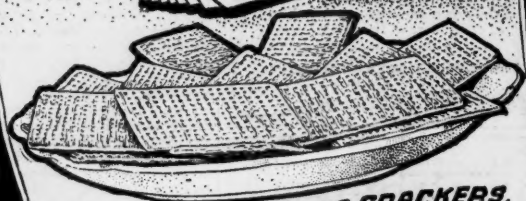
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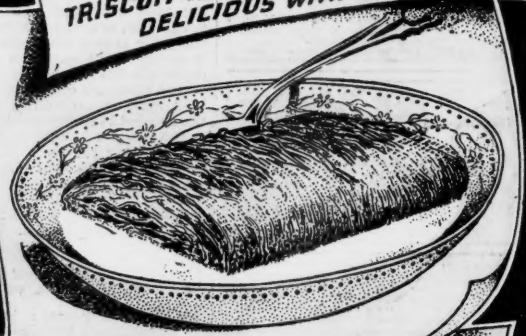
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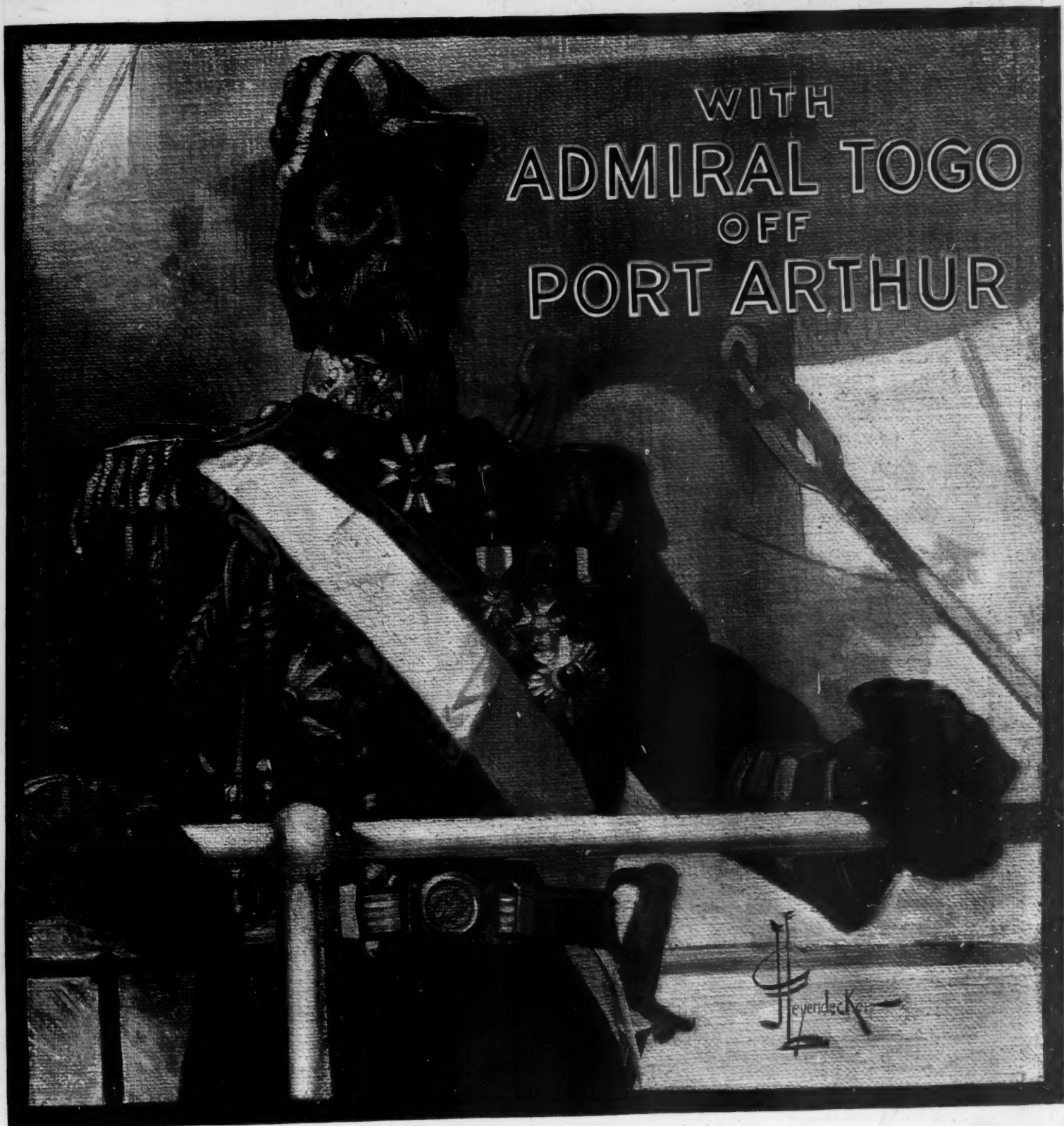
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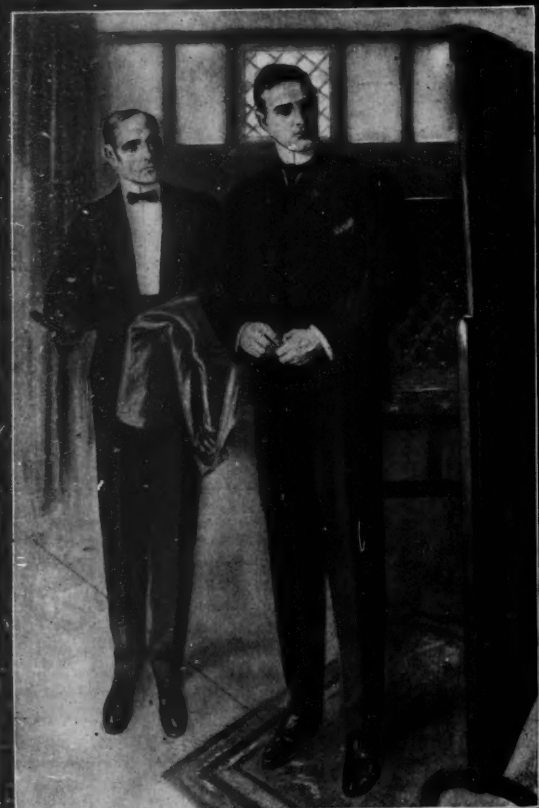
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